TV COMIC ANNUAL

Unto us a Boy

1.

Unto us a Boy is born,
King of all creation:
Came He to a world forlorn,
The Lord of every nation.

2.

Cradled in a stall was He,
With sleepy cows and asses;
But the very beasts could see
That He all men surpasses.

is born

3.

Herod then with fear was filled:
"A Prince," he cried, "in Jewry!"
All the little boys he killed
At Bethlehem in his fury.

4.

Now may Mary's Son, who came
So long ago to love us,
Lead us all with hearts aflame
Unto the Joys above us.

TV COMIC ANNUAL

WHERE TO FIND THEM

LENNY THE LION
Pages 9, 15, 32, 40 and 41.

FOUR FEATHER FALLS
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LOCHY The Funny Wee Monster
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THE BAKERS' DOZEN
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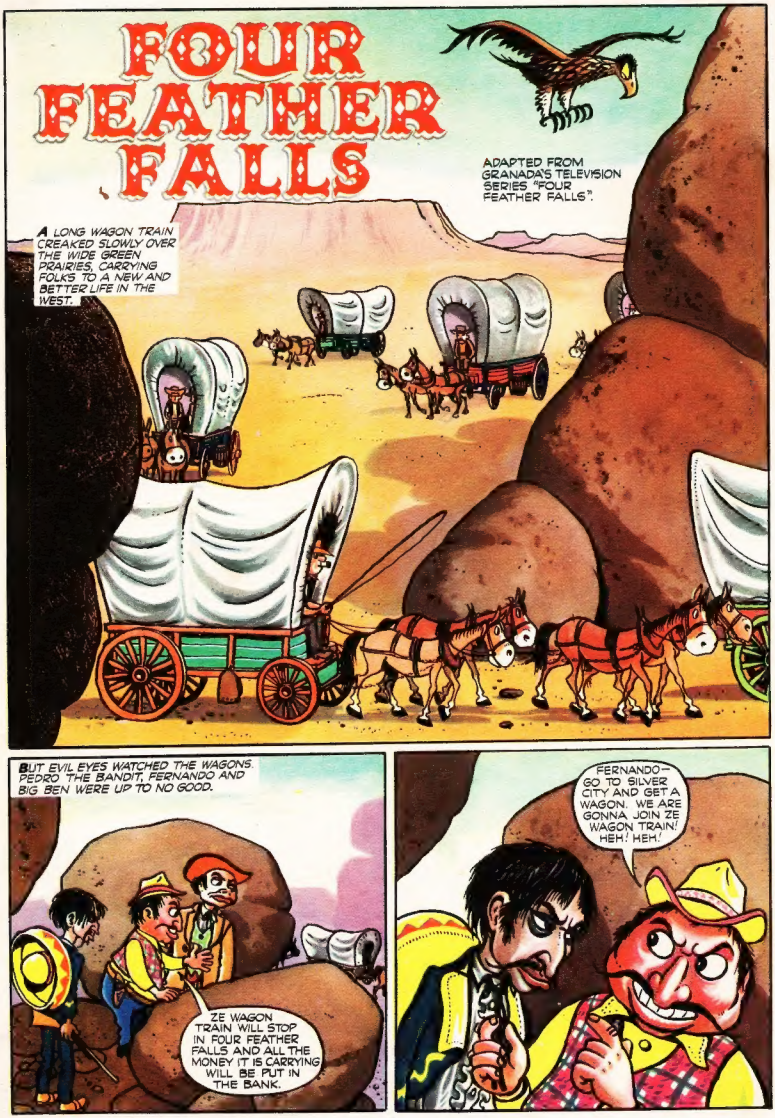

FOUR FEATHER FALLS
ADAPTED FROM GRANADA'S TELEVISION SERIES "FOUR FEATHER FALLS".
A LONG WAGON TRAIN CREAKED SLOWLY OVER THE WIDE GREEN PRAIRIES, CARRYING FOLKS TO A NEW AND BETTER LIFE IN THE WEST.
BUT EVIL EYES WATCHED THE WAGONS. PEDRO THE BANDIT, FERNANDO AND BIG BEN WERE UP TO NO GOOD.
ZE WAGON TRAIN WILL STOP IN FOUR FEATHER FALLS AND ALL THE MONEY IT IS CARRYING WILL BE PUT IN THE BANK.
FERNANDO— GO TO SILVER CITY AND GET A WAGON. WE ARE GONNA JOIN ZE WAGON TRAIN! HEH! HEH!

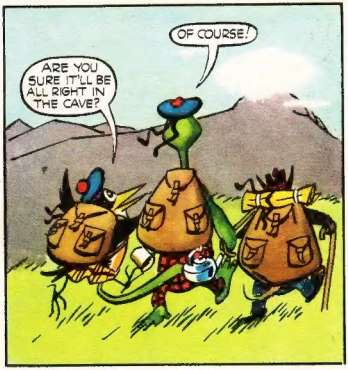
LATER, WITH PEDRO DRIVING, THE THREE BANDITS DROVE UP TO THE WAGON MASTER.
WE WANT TO GO WEST... BUT WE DO NOT KNOW ZE WAY, SENOR.
YOU CAN TEAM UP WITH US... WE'RE STOPPING AT FOUR FEATHER FALLS FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS THOUGH.
WITH ITS CROOKED ADDITION, THE WAGON TRAIN ROLLED ON TOWARDS THE SMALL TOWN.
I'LL RIDE INTO FOUR FEATHER FALLS AND SEE IF THE SHERIFF WILL LET US REST THERE A PIECE.
TWO-GUN TEX TUCKER WAS PLEASED TO SEE THE WAGON MASTER.
THANKS, SHERIFF THE FOLKS WILL WANT TO KEEP THEIR MONEY SAFE.
YOU CAN CIRCLE YOUR WAGONS ON THE NORTHSIDE OF TOWN. I'LL WARN MARVIN JACKSON TO HAVE THE BANK DOORS OPEN.
SO, THE WAGONS CAME TO A HALT OUTSIDE THE TOWN.
BANK
MUST PUT OUR MONEY IN THE BANK, MAGGIE!
PEDRO AND HIS GANG CHUCKLED IN THEIR WAGON.
NOW WE CAN WAIT HERE UNTIL WE KNOW ZE SHERIFF IS NOT AROUND, FERNANDO— YOU GO INTO TOWN AND KEEP WATCH.
LATER THAT NIGHT, TEX DECIDED TO TALK TO THE WAGON BOSS.
KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS, DUSTY. I'LL BE WITH THE WAGONS IF YOU NEED ME.
I'LL MAKE CERTAIN HE KEEPS AWAKE, TEX, OLD BOY.
SURE THING, TEX.

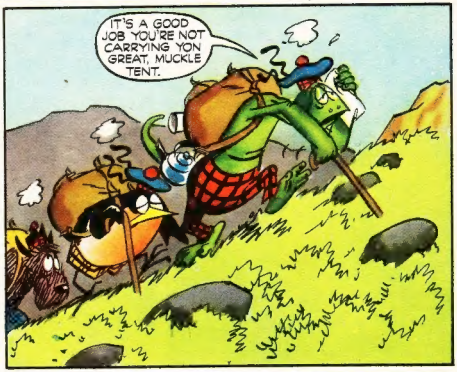
FOR SAVING HIS SON MAKOOYA, CHIEF KALAMAKOOYA GAVE TEX FOUR MAGIC FEATHERS. TWO ENABLED HIS GUNS TO BECOME MAGIC — THE OTHERS ENABLED HIS HORSE AND DOG TO SPEAK.
FERNANDO SAW TEX LEAVE TOWN. HE TOLD PEDRO AND BIG BEN.
GOOD! NOW WE GET ALL THAT LOVELY MONEY!
BANK
BUT AS THEY FORCED THE BANK DOOR
PEDRO AND HIS GANG ARE ROBBING THE BANK, ROCKY!
THEN YOU HAD BETTER TELL TEX, DUSTY, OLD FELLOW.
DUSTY RAN AS FAST AS HE COULD TO THE WAGONS.
WHAT IS IT, DUSTY?
DUSTY MANAGED TO PULL TEX OUT OF EARSHOT OF THE OTHERS.
PEDRO IS ROBBING THE BANK, TEX.
GOSH! THE WAGONER'S MONEY! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
TEX JUMPED ON THE NEAREST WAGON...

WHEN PEDRO AND HIS MEN LEFT THE BANK, THEY HAD A SHOCK. MAINSTREET WAS BLOCKED.
BANK
QUEEK — DOWN ZE SIDE STREET!
SUDDENLY...
HOLD IT, YOU THREE.
WE ARE THREE AGAINST ZE ONE...GEET HEEM!
BUT TEX TUCKER'S MAGIC GUNS SWIVELLED UPWARDS.
NOW GET OUTER TOWN, FAST!
THE NEXT DAY, THE WAGONS PREPARED TO LEAVE.
THANKS FOR SAVING OUR MONEY, SHERIFF.
IT WAS A PLEASURE! YOU CAN STAY HERE ANYTIME YOU WANT, FOLKS. GOOD LUCK!

TERRY HALL'S
LENNY the LION
TIME TO GET UP, LENNY. YOU'RE STARTING WORK TODAY.
I DON'T WANT TO GET UP.
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER.
BUT NOT YET!
COME ON, LENNY. YOU'RE LATE ALREADY.
ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES.
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GET UP.
HARRINGES
MEVIN
BE LIKE HIM AND SLEEP IN A COSIGLOW BED

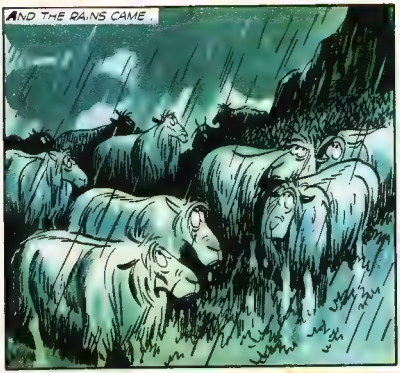
LOCHY
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER





IT'S SMASHING, ISN'T IT?
AYE! AND IT'S NICE AND DRY.

MORE COFFEE, JOCK?
NOT FOR ME. I'M GOING TO BED.


AND THE RAINS CAME.

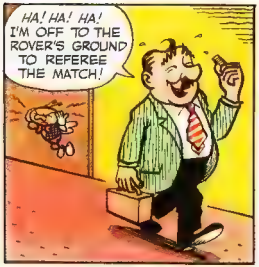
THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE C-C-CAVE WITH JS.
T-TURN ON THE L-LAMP.

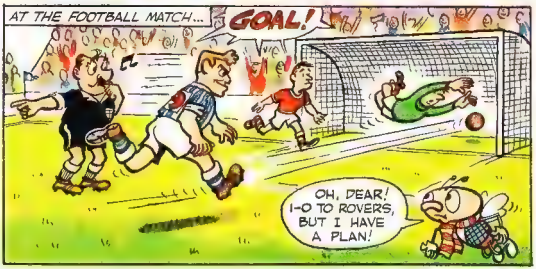
SHEEP!
JINGS! THIS MUST BE WHERE THEY COME WHEN IT'S RAINING.

COCO THE CLOWN
WILL YOU PLEASE WASH OUR SHIRTS, COCO.
SURE! GIVE THEM TO ME!
I WONDER WHY THEY ALL WANT THEIR DRESS SHIRTS WASHED.
WE'RE GOING TO THE MAYOR'S DINNER!
ALL EXCEPT ME!
HALLO, BOYS! YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA!
OINK WOINK!
OWK!
NOW THEN, INTO THE TANK YOU GO!
NOW A SPOT OF SOAP POWDER.
I NEED SOME QUICK DRYING ACTION!
GEE UP, CHAPS! FOLLOW ME!

KEEP IT UP! THEY'LL SOON BE DRY!
WOW! THE SHIRTS HAVE GONE. I MUST FIND THEM!
SO... THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!
AH! NOW I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA!
HALLO! TOWN HALL? PLEASE TELL THE MAYOR HIS GUESTS WILL BE THERE SOON!
MEANWHILE...
WHERE'S COCO WITH OUR SHIRTS? WE CAN'T GO WITHOUT THEM!
WE'LL LOOK A RIGHT BUNCH OF CHARLIES WITH NO SHIRTS!
GR-R-R! WAIT TILL I MEET COCO!
WE'LL EXPLAIN TO THE MAYOR ABOUT OUR SHIRTS!
YES, COME ON
OUR SHIRTS!
HA, HA! I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A LOT OF FUN!

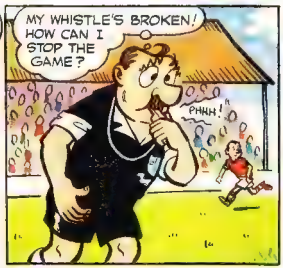
MIGHTY MOTH

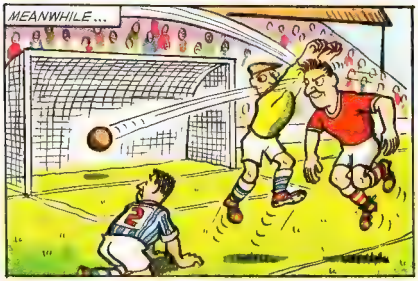

HA! HA! HA! I'M OFF TO THE ROVER'S GROUND TO REFEREE THE MATCH!

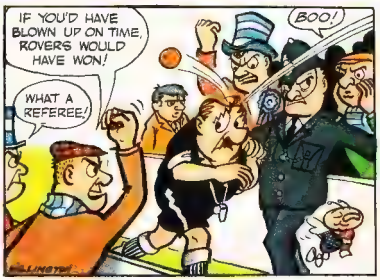

AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH...
GOAL!
OH, DEAR! 1-0 TO ROVERS, BUT I HAVE A PLAN!

LATER...
ONE MINUTE TO GO, AND I'VE TAKEN THE PEA OUT OF DAD'S WHISTLE

TIMES UP! ROVERS HAVE WON!

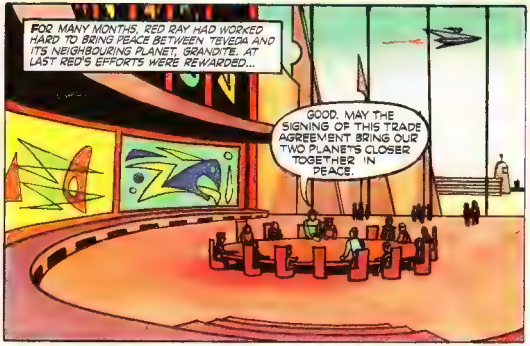

MY WHISTLE'S BROKEN! HOW CAN I STOP THE GAME?
PHHH!


MEANWHILE...

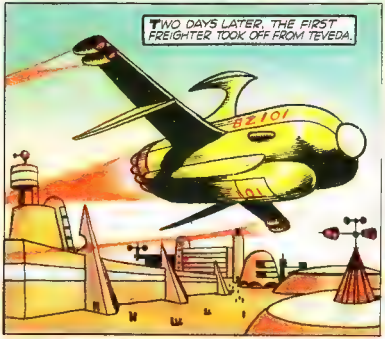

IF YOU'D HAVE BLOWN UP ON TIME, ROVERS WOULD HAVE WON!
BOO!
WHAT A REFEREE!

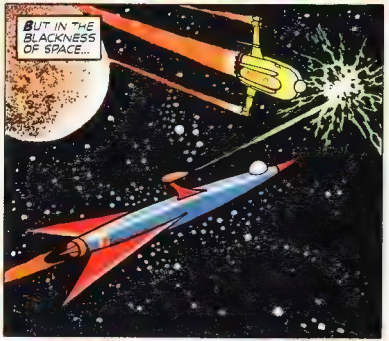
TERRY HALL'S
LENNY
LION
KEEP
FIT
WATCH THIS.
I'LL DO BETTER THIS TIME.
OUCH!
KEEP
FIT
MEVIN

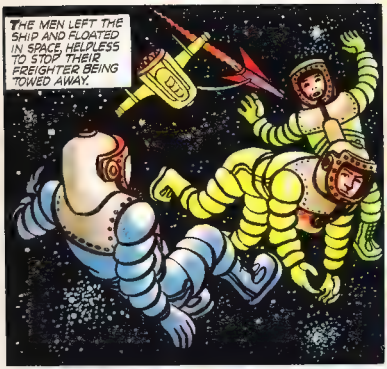
RED RAY SPACE RAYNGER


FOR MANY MONTHS, RED RAY HAD WORKED HARD TO BRING PEACE BETWEEN TEVEDA AND ITS NEIGHBOURING PLANET, GRANDITE. AT LAST RED'S EFFORTS WERE REWARDED...
GOOD. MAY THE SIGNING OF THIS TRADE AGREEMENT BRING OUR TWO PLANETS CLOSER TOGETHER IN PEACE.

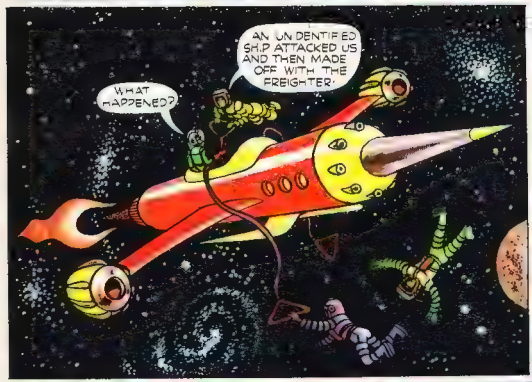
AS THEY LEFT THE CONFERENCE BUILDING, CARZON, ONE OF THE TEVEDAN TRADE OFFICIALS, SPOKE TO RED.
I THINK WE'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THE GRANDITES ARE A QUARRELSOME PEOPLE.
LET'S SEE HOW THINGS WORK OUT BEFORE WE START COMPLAINING, CARZON

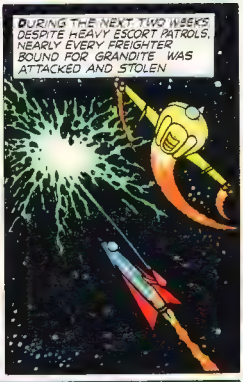





THE MEN LEFT THE SHIP AND FLOATED IN SPACE, HELPLESS TO STOP THEIR FREIGHTER BEING TOWED AWAY.

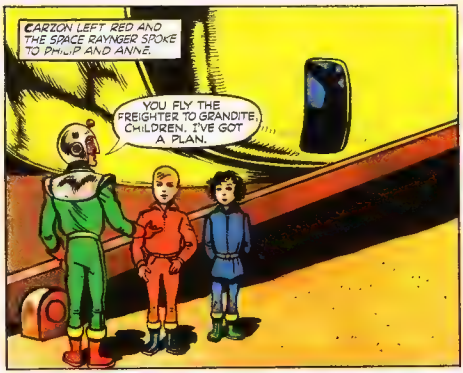
HALF AN HOUR LATER, RED RAY, ON PATROL, SPOTTED THE MEN...
THE CREW OF NUMBER ONE FREIGHTER INCREASE POWER, PHIL R.


WHAT HAPPENED?
AN UNDENTIFIED SHIP ATTACKED US AND THEN MADE OFF WITH THE FREIGHTER.

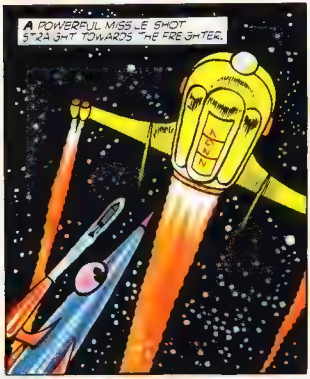

DURING THE NEXT TWO WEEKS DESPITE HEAVY ESCORT PATROLS, NEARLY EVERY FREIGHTER BOUND FOR GRANDITE WAS ATTACKED AND STOLEN

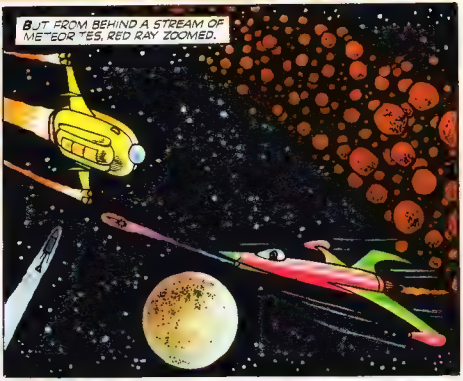
ON TEVEDA, CARZON STOPPED RED RAY AS HE WALKED INTO THE SPACE PORT.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THESE ROBBERIES? I TOLD YOU THE GRANDITES WERE NO GOOD. I'M SURE THEY'VE BEEN STEALING THE FREIGHTERS.

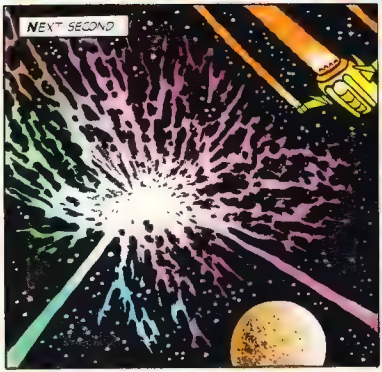
I'M GOING TO FLY THE NEXT FREIGHTER MYSELF I HOPE I CAN CATCH THE ROBBER. YOU MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT THE GRANDITES!


CARZON LEFT RED AND THE SPACE RAYNGER SPOKE TO PHILIP AND ANNE.
YOU FLY THE FREIGHTER TO GRANDITE, CHILDREN. I'VE GOT A PLAN.

THE FREIGHTER TOOK OFF AND LATER, IN SPACE..
NOW, RED RAY, YOU WILL BE FINISHED!


A POWERFUL MISSILE SHOT STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE FREIGHTER.


BUT FROM BEHIND A STREAM OF METEORITES, RED RAY ZOOMED.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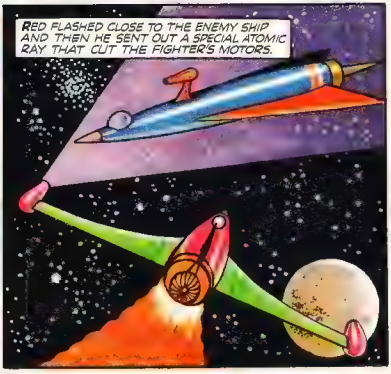
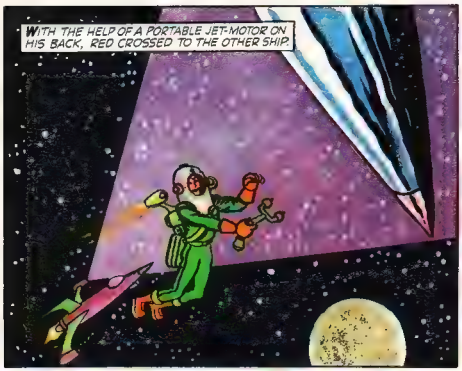

RED FLASHED CLOSE TO THE ENEMY SHIP AND THEN HE SENT OUT A SPECIAL ATOMIC RAY THAT CUT THE FIGHTER'S MOTORS.

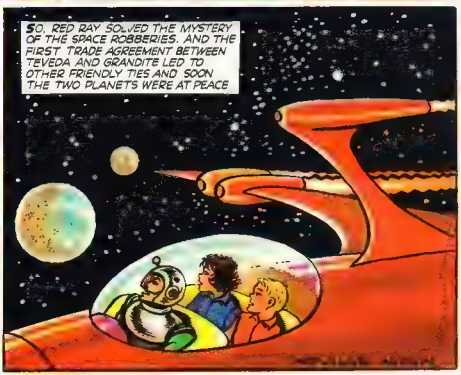

WITH THE HELP OF A PORTABLE JET-MOTOR ON HIS BACK, RED CROSSED TO THE OTHER SHIP.

RED LOST NO TIME IN BREAKING INTO THE ENEMY CRAFT. THE MASKED MAN GRABBED FOR A SPACE GUN.
NO YOU DON'T, CARZON!

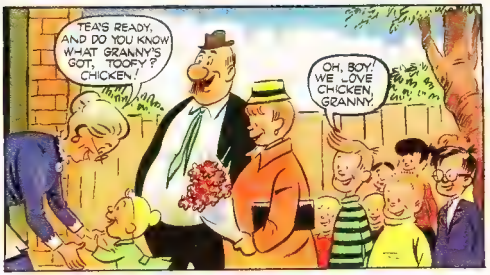
HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS ME?
GRANDITES DON'T HAVE MISSILES THEY USE SHELLS

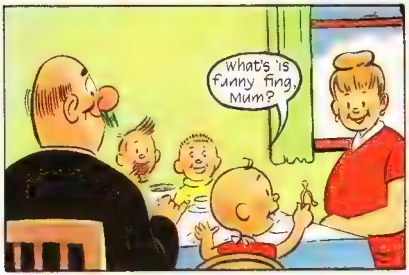
AS SOON AS I LEARNED THE NATURE OF THE ATTACKS, I KNEW A TEVEDAN WAS TO BLAME. YOU WERE THE MOST LIKELY MAN...YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OPPOSED TO PEACE.

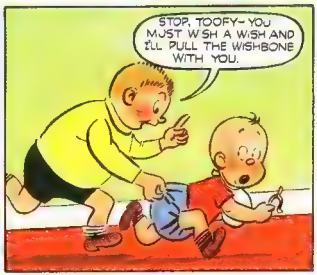
IT TOOK A GOOD MAN TO CATCH ME, RED RAY. THE EXPORTS I SOLD TO ANOTHER PLANET OUTSIDE OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.
THEN, YOU CAN HAND OVER THE PAYMENT. YOU WON'T NEED ANY MONEY WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

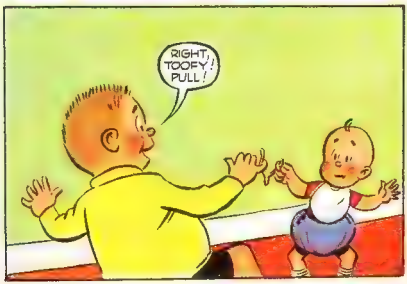

SO, RED RAY SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE SPACE ROBBERIES. AND THE FIRST TRADE AGREEMENT BETWEEN TEVEDA AND GRANDITE LED TO OTHER FRIENDLY TIES AND SOON THE TWO PLANETS WERE AT PEACE

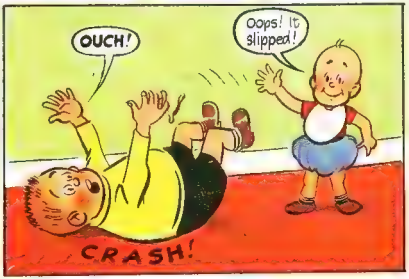
The Bakers' Dozen











OOH!
I'LL PULL IT WITH YOU, TOOFY.
HERE GOES!
OUCH!
OW!
It slipped again.
COME ON, NOW, TOOFY. WE'LL DO IT THIS TIME.
RIGHT, ALL TOGETHER
OH!
CLUNK!
Me want my wishbone, Dad.
Got mine wish me wished it wouldn't break

COCO
The CLOWN
TH S PUDDING SMELLS GOOD!
NOW A PIECE OF HOLLY TO GO ON TOP
GOOD GRAVY! IT'S GONE!
NOT TO WORRY, I'LL NAB THE PUDDING TH EVES!
PAINT SHOP
TH S CALLS FOR A BIT OF CLEVER BRUSH WORK
THAT'S DAMPED THE R LITTLE GAME
LATER
I WANT YOU TO GO AND DO THE CHRISTMAS SHOPP NG HERE'S THE LIST.
SHOPPING LIST
ORANGES, DATES, RAISINS, MINCE PIES APPLES, NUTS JAM, CAKES, BUTTER, BREAD, SUGAR, TEA, SWEETS, PIGS, BACON & EGGS, ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

WOW! I'M LOADED ALREADY— AND THERE'S A LOT MORE TO BUY!
STORES

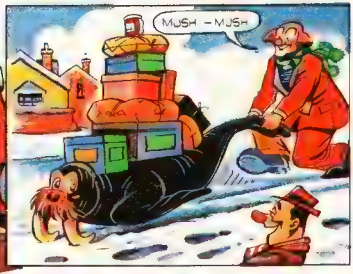
ZOO

SEALS AND WALRUS

THANK GOODNESS THE POND'S FROZEN— HULLO! WHO HAVE WE HERE?
UNK!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A WOBBEGONE WALRUS BUT I'LL SOON CHANGE THAT!

YOU'RE IN THE DELIVERY BUSINESS NOW
?


MUSH — MUSH

HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS. ALL IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!
GOOD OLD COCO TO THE RESCUE ONCE MORE!
Cheyenne

LOCHY
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER
HOLIDAYS
SWITZERLAND
TOURS
I'M OFF TO GET THE TICKETS FOR MY HOLIDAY.
TRAVEL AGENCY
LATER...
FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS.
SWITZERLAND.
YIPEE! WHAT A HOLIDAY!
HOLLAND.
HOLLAND'S SMASHING! FANCY HAVING ALL THESE FANS TO KEEP US COOL!
VENICE.
WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY MONSTERS HERE?

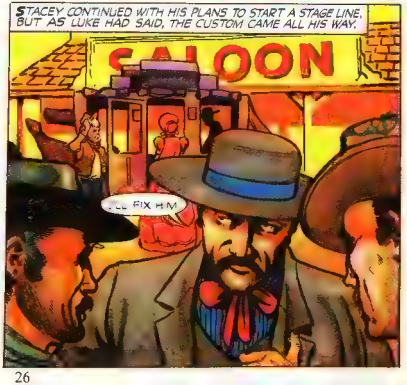
EGYPT.
WHOA, BOY! NO? SO FAST!
SPAIN.
BRAVO, ZE SCOTTISH MONSTER!
INDIA
WONDER IF I COULD DO THAT WITH MY BAGPIPES?
TOURS
COME ON, LOCHY. STOP DAY-DREAMING. WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?
SWITZERLAND
HOLLAND
VENICE
SPAIN
OH, JUST TO ABERDEEN!

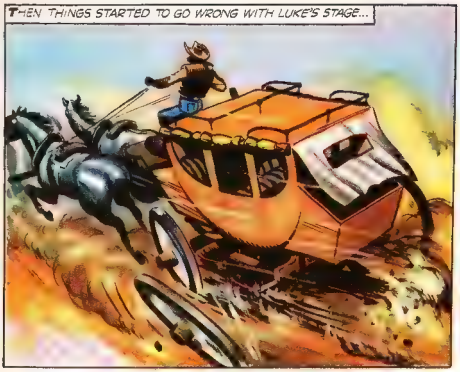
SERGEANT GUNN AND THE STAGECOACH RACE

SERGEANT 'HAPPY' GUNN WAS RETURNING TO FORT PINE AFTER A SPELL OF DUTY AT ANOTHER MOUNTIE OUTPOST.
GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, 'HAPPY'!
THANKS, LUKE. HOW'S THE STAGE BUS NESS?

LUKE CRAVEN WAS THE OWNER DRIVER OF THE COTTONVILLE STAGECOACH
THE FOLKS N COTTONVILLE WILL ALWAYS RIDE MY STAGE, 'HAPPY'!
GUESS SO IT'S A HABIT NOW!

MY NAME S RICK STACEY. I AIM TO OPEN UP A NEW STAGE LINE. SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL PACK UP!
HAW! YOU'LL NEVER PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS IN THIS TOWN.

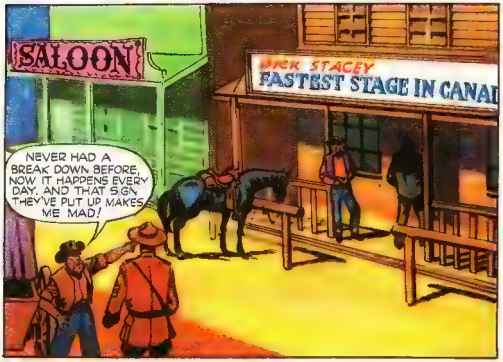



THEN THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG WITH LUKE'S STAGE...

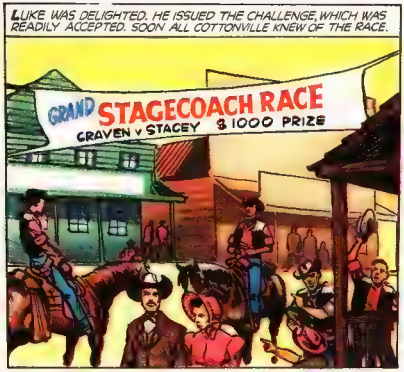
MEANWHILE, AT FORT PINE...
THIS IS FRANK DODDS, THE NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER. HE'S BEEN SPOTTED IN THIS AREA, SERGEANT.
REWARD
I'LL FIND HIM, CHIEF.

THE NEAREST TOWN WAS COTTONVILLE AND GUNN DECIDED TO START HIS ENQUIRIES THERE.
BUT, FOLKS, MY STAGE WILL BE READY IN AN HOUR.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LUKE?
THE FOLKS WON'T RIDE IN MY STAGE ANY MORE. IT KEEPS BREAKING DOWN.

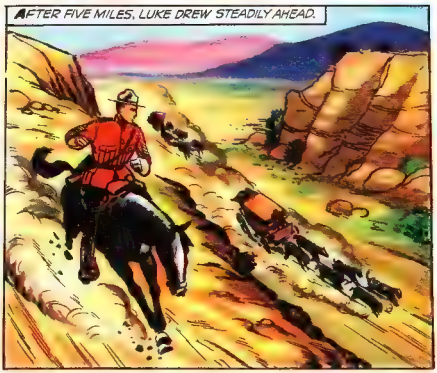

SALOON
DICK STACEY
FASTEST STAGE IN CANA
NEVER HAD A BREAK DOWN BEFORE. NOW IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY, AND THAT SIGN THEY'VE PUT UP MAKES ME MAD!

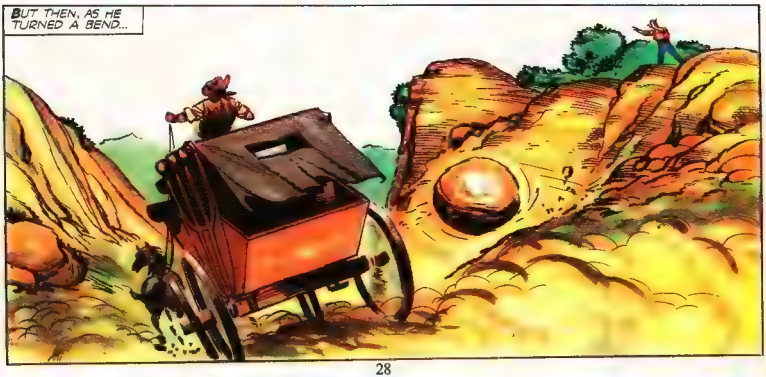
YOU THINK YOUR STAGE IS FASTER, EH, LUKE? THEN WHY DON'T YOU CHALLENGE THE OTHER OUTFIT TO A RACE. I'LL PUT UP A PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.


LUKE WAS DELIGHTED. HE ISSUED THE CHALLENGE,WHICH WAS READILY ACCEPTED. SOON ALL COTTONVILLE KNEW OF THE RACE.
GRAND STAGECOACH RACE
CRAVEN v STACEY $1000 PRIZE

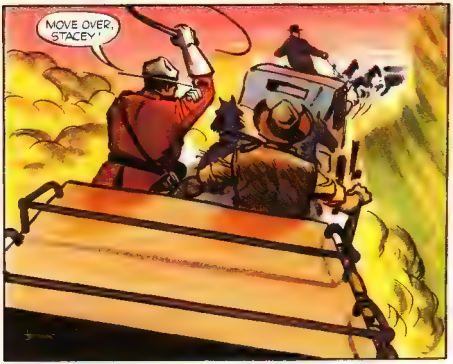
THE TIME FOR THE START DREW NEAR AND THE RACE JUDGE, MAYOR RICHARDS, HELD UP A PISTOL ..

GRAND STAGECOACH RACE
CRAVEN v STACEY $1000 PRIZE
THAT STACEY IS A SHARP CHARACTER. I THINK I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THIS RACE.


AFTER FIVE MILES, LUKE DREW STEADILY AHEAD.

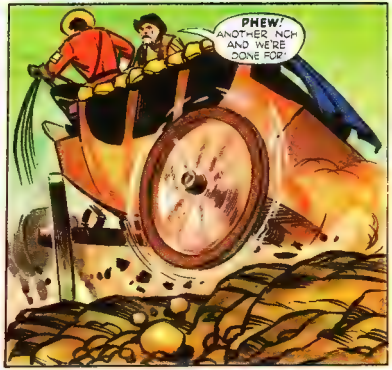

BUT THEN, AS HE TURNED A BEND...

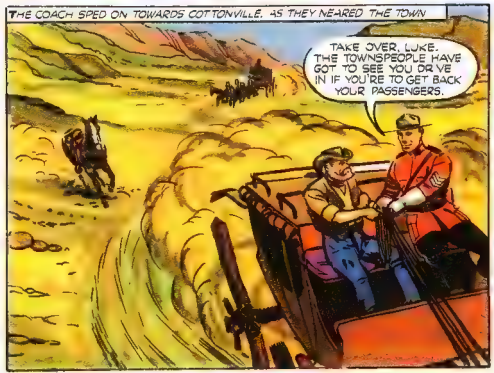
THE COACH LURCHED TO ONE SIDE AND LUKE WAS FLUNG TO THE GROUND
AS 'HAPPY' RODE DOWN, THE STACEY STAGE WENT INTO THE LEAD.
I'LL RIG UP ANOTHER WHEEL AND DRIVE THIS COACH MYSELF!
THAT OUGHT TO LAST UNTIL WE GET TO COTTONVILLE.
UP YOU COME, LUKE, AND HOLD ON TIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS RACE YET!
DESPITE THEIR HANDICAP, 'HAPPY'S' SUPERB DRIVING BROUGHT THE STAGE UP TO THE STACEY OUTFIT.


MOVE OVER, STACEY!

THEN STACEY DREW A PISTOL.
YOU'LL NEVER GET PAST ME, MOUNTIE!

NOW MOVE OVER, STACEY I'M COMING BY YOU!


PHEW! ANOTHER NICH AND WE'RE DONE FOR!

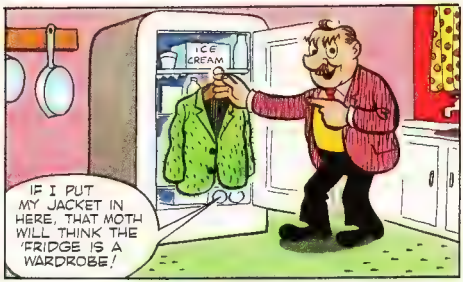

THE COACH SPED ON TOWARDS COTTONVILLE. AS THEY NEARED THE TOWN.
TAKE OVER, LUKE. THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAVE GOT TO SEE YOU DRIVE IN IF YOU'RE TO GET BACK YOUR PASSENGERS.

GUNN LEAPT INTO BLACKIE'S SADDLE, AS THE STALLION RAN UP
SEE YOU IN TOWN, LUKE!

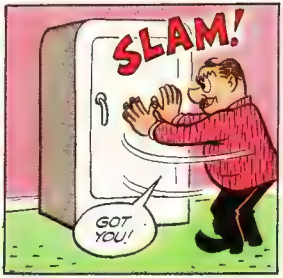
AND MINUTES LATER, ALL COTTONVILLE CHEERED AS LUKE CRAVEN RODE INTO TOWN.
I'LL SURE USE LUKE'S STAGE FROM NOW ON!
HE'S PROVED HE'S THE FASTEST
THEN 'HAPPY' RODE UP...
HERE'S YOUR PRIZE MONEY, LUKE.
SUDDENLY A GRUFF VOICE BOOMED OUT
HAND UP THAT MONEY, MOUNTIE!
IT'S EMPTY! WHAT FOOL TRICK IS THIS?
'HAPPY' TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE CROOK'S WAVERING ATTENTION.
NOW COME DOWN HERE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
YOU KNEW HE WOULD BE WAITING, 'HAPPY' BUT HOW?
DODDS COULD NEVER RESIST EASY MONEY. THAT'S WHY I SUGGESTED THE RACE AND THE PRIZE. IT SOLVED YOUR PROBLEMS HERE AND IT HELPED ME TO CATCH A WANTED MAN! BY THE WAY, THERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR HIM. YOU CAN BUY A NEW COACH.
AND AS SERGEANT GUNN RODE AWAY WITH HIS PRISONER, RICK STACEY AND HIS MEN SHRUGGED THEIR SHOULDERS.
THANKS TO THAT GUY, WE'RE ALL WASHED UP HERE! LET'S GET OUTTER HIS TERR'ITORY. FAST!

TERRY HALL'S
LENNY the LION
I'D LOVE TO GO, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT THREE SHILLINGS.
CIRCUS
TICKETS 3/-
WILL YOU SAW SOME WOOD FOR ME, LENNY? I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING.
PHEW! THAT WAS HARD WORK, BUT I'VE GOT A SHILLING.
PLEASE LENNY, GET SOME BREAD FOR ME BEFORE THE SHOP CLOSES. I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING.
CLOSED
JUST MADE IT! THAT'S TWO SHILLINGS.
I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING IF YOU'LL CARRY MY SUITCASES.
I'M EXHAUSTED, BUT I CAN GO TO THE CIRCUS NOW.
CIRCUS
ONE, PLEASE.
MEVIN

MIGHTY MOTH


ICE CREAM
IF I PUT MY JACKET IN HERE, THAT MOTH WILL THINK THE 'FRIDGE IS A WARDROBE!

ICE CREAM
YUM-YUM! GRUB!


SLAM!
GOT YOU!

IN THE 'FRIDGE
BRR! I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND FIND SOMEWHERE TO KEEP WARM!

AH-HA! DAD'S LEFT SOME MATCHES IN HIS POCKET!

THEY'LL KEEP ME WARM!

I'LL GO AND GET SOME ICE CREAM FROM THE 'FRIDGE.

FREE AT LAST!
ICE CREAM
YAA! IT'S ALL MELTED!

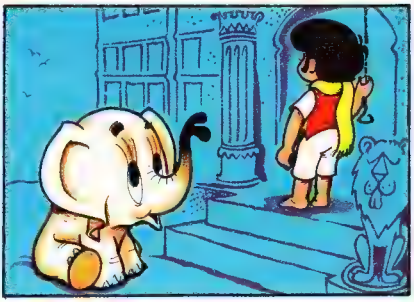
TAKE THAT FOR SPOILING OUR MEAL!
SPLAT!
ICE CREAM

PACKI's Christmas Deed

by Tony Hart

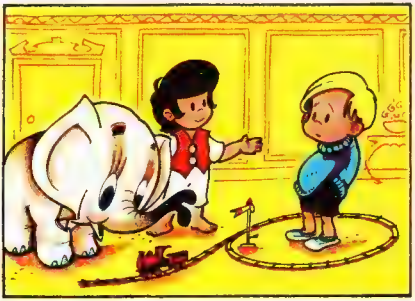
1. Packi and Tipu are opening their Christmas mail. Heaps of cards have arrived. "Here is a card from Roger!" cries Tipu. "Let's go and see him."

2. They set off to walk to Roger's house. Their friend lives in the country in a great mansion with his father, and he is often very lonely indeed.



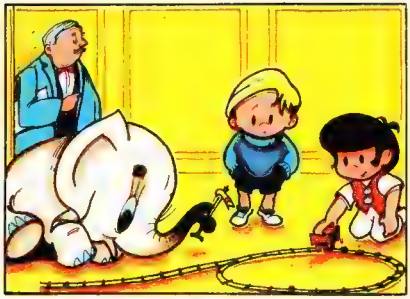
3. Tipu goes up to the front door of the mansion and gives a pull on the old-fashioned bell rope. "It is very quiet," Packi says. "Perhaps Roger is out."

4. But no, soon Roger comes to the door. "Oh, hallo, Packi," he says. "Hallo, Tipu." Roger is very quiet, not at all his usual bright, cheerful self.

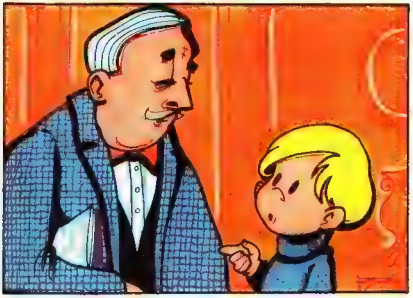


5. He has been playing with his train-set, but he has not done more than set out a few rails, and an engine. "Whatever is the matter?" asks Tipu.

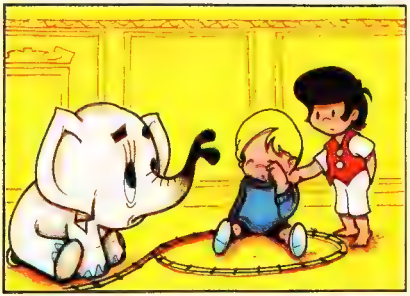
6. "The trouble is that some papers to do with this house are missing, and unless my father can find them we have to leave!" Roger tells them.



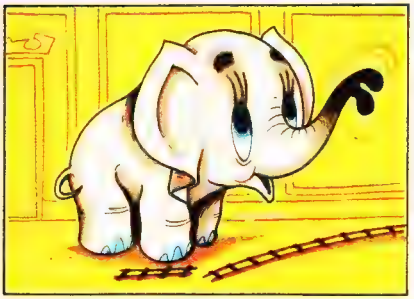
7. Packi and Tipu try to cheer up their friend. "Come on," cries Packi. "Let us play with your lovely set of trains." Then Roger's father arrives



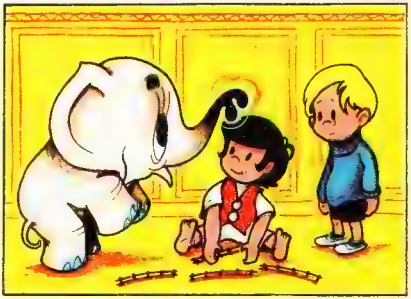
8. "Did you find the papers?" Roger asks. "No, Roger," says his father. "I am afraid that, as we cannot prove the house belongs to us, we must leave."



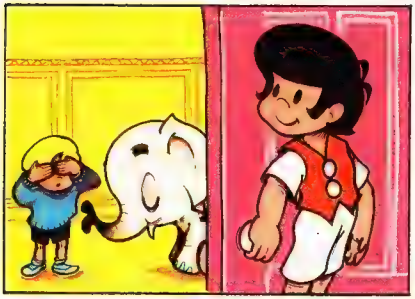
9. When his father leaves the room Roger cries bitterly. "Our family have lived here for years and years. Everyone knows it is our house," he sobs.



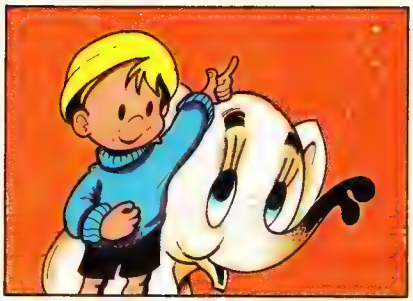
10. Packi knows that the best thing to do is to make Roger think of something else. "Let's play hide-and-seek," he cries. Packi and Roger agree.



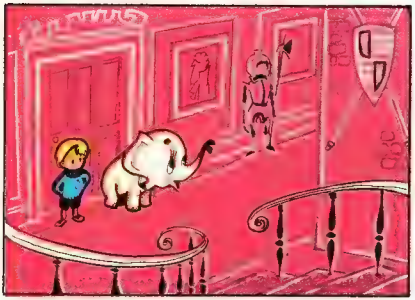
11. "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," chants Packi, waving his trunk. "Mo!" he shouts to Tipu. "Off you go and hide. Roger and I will count fifty!"



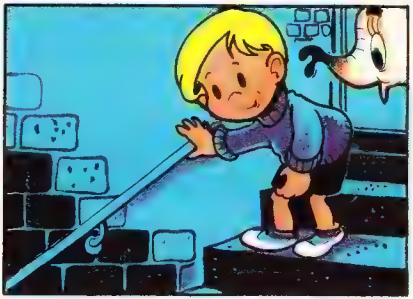
12. Tipu goes out of the room, while the other two count slowly. Roger has become interested in the game already. But where will Tipu hide?



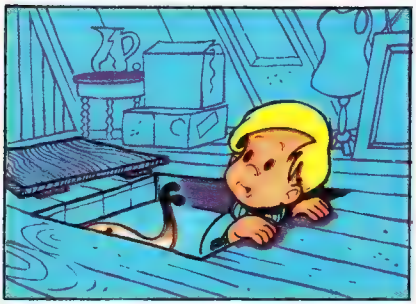
13. "Fifty!" yell Roger and Packi. Roger is enjoying himself now. "I know every inch of this house," he chuckles. "Tipu will not be hidden for long!"



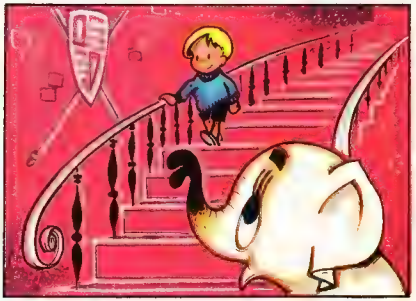
14. They close the drawing-room door and look around the huge hall. There are so many hiding-places. "Where shall we start?" asks Packi.



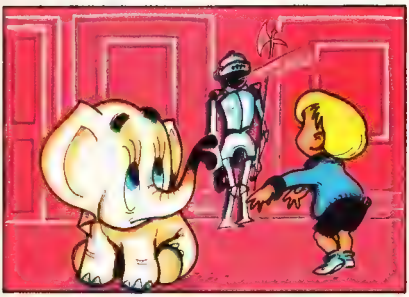
15. They search all the rooms on the ground floor, peering into cupboards and under furniture. They even search down in the dark, draughty old cellars.



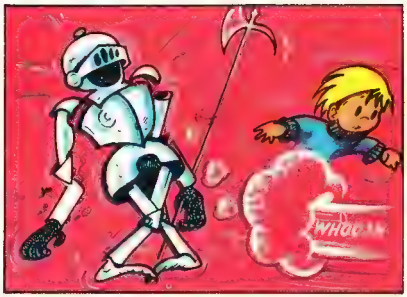
16. "We have forgotten the attic!" cries Roger, and up the stairs he runs. They climb a ladder and peer into the attic, but there is no sign of Tipu.



17. "Well," pants Packi, as they reach the hall again, "I cannot think where he has hidden himself." "Nor can I," agrees Roger, "I give up!"



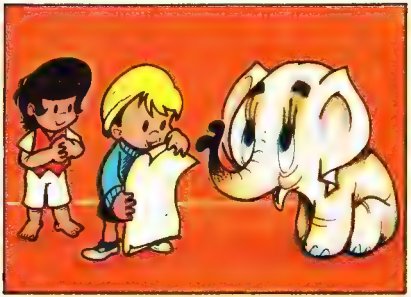
18. Suddenly they hear a loud sneeze. "Bless you!" mutters Packi. "It was not me!" says Roger. "Who was it?" asks Packi. Then he sees the armour!



19. The suit of armour clanks towards them, shedding pieces of old iron. "Sneezing armour!" gasps Packi. "Good-bye!" he shouts, as he rushes off.

20. Packi rushes headlong into the dining-room, and, before he can stop himself, he has gone straight through the panelled wall on the other side!

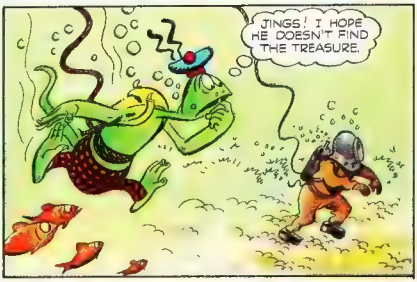
21. The armour falls to pieces, and Tipu crawls out. "It was dusty in there," he grins. "Look what I have found behind the wall!" shouts Packi.

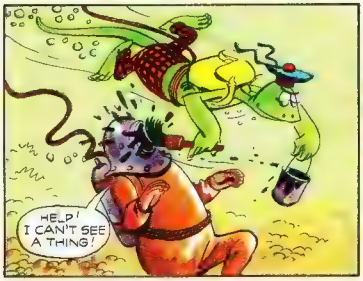


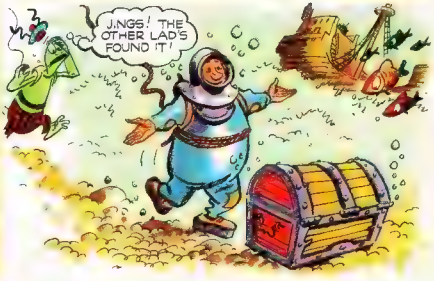
22. It is an old piece of paper. Roger looks at it carefully. "Packi," he says, "you have found the missing Title Deed to the house. Well done!"

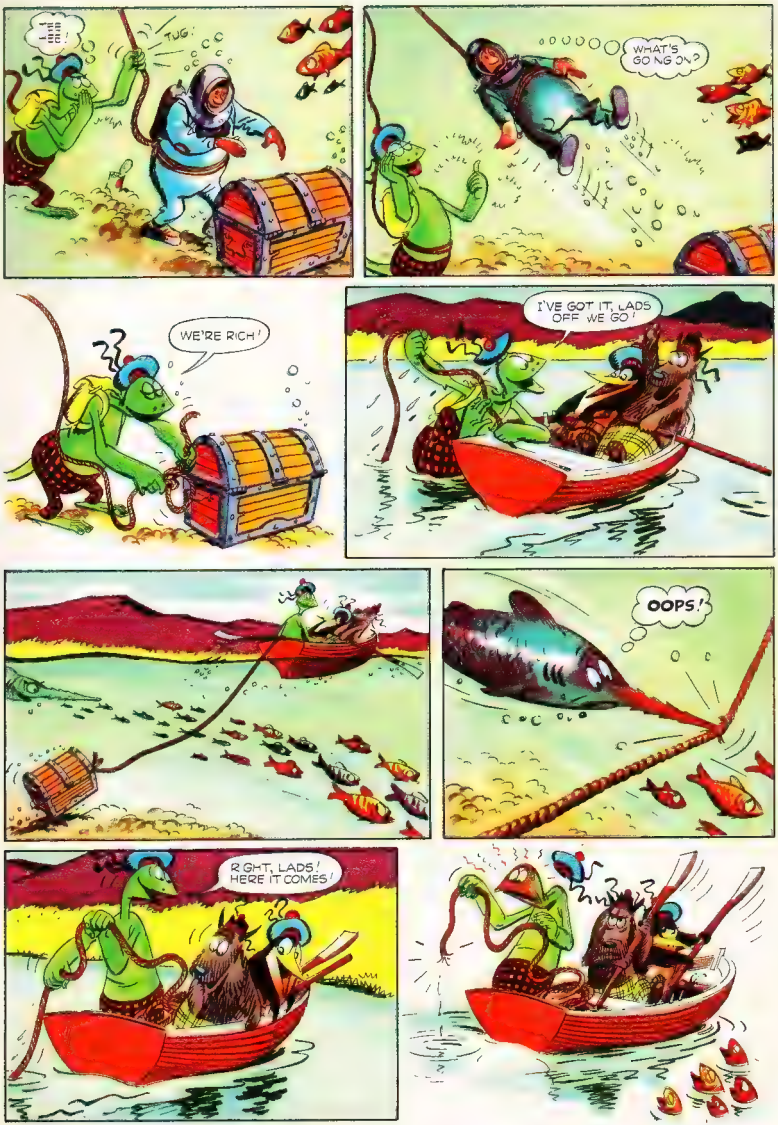
23. Roger's father is overjoyed. Now they can prove the house is theirs. They have a grand party to celebrate Packi's good Christmas Deed!

LOCHY
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER

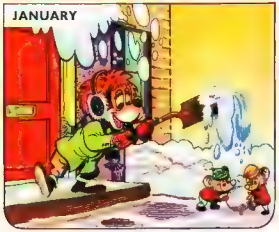


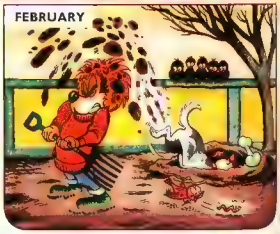


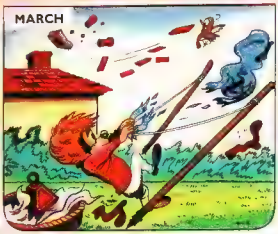


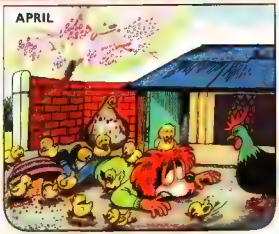

TUG!
WHAT'S GO NG ON?
WE'RE RICH!
I'VE GOT IT, LADS OFF WE GO!
OOPS!
RIGHT, LADS! HERE IT COMES!

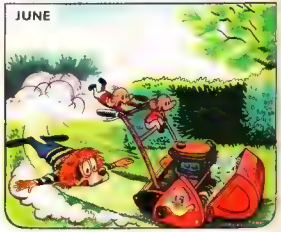
LENNY'S WORKING YEAR

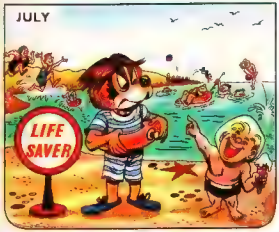


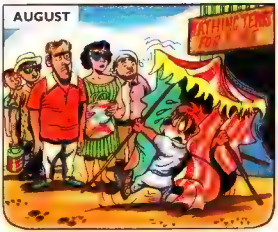


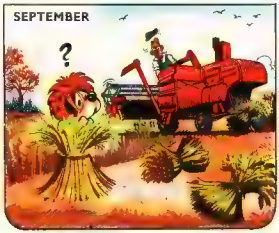


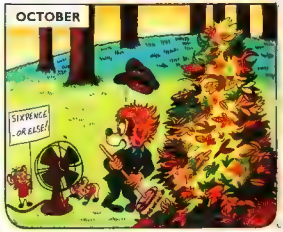


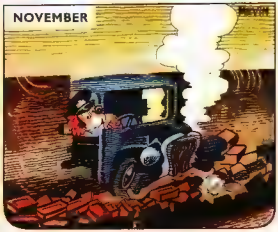




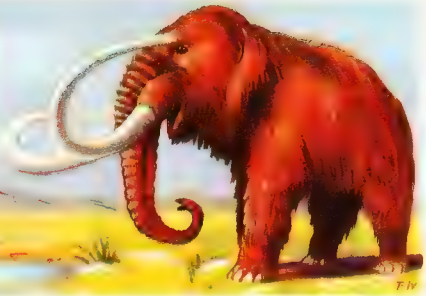








ANIMALS ONLY

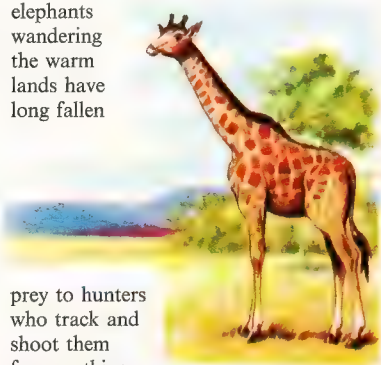


ONCE upon a time the whole wide world was a wonderful Zoo. Everywhere animals of the Earth roamed wild and free. Then Man came. Often fighting for his very life, he pitted himself against the animals—to make them his friends, and his food.

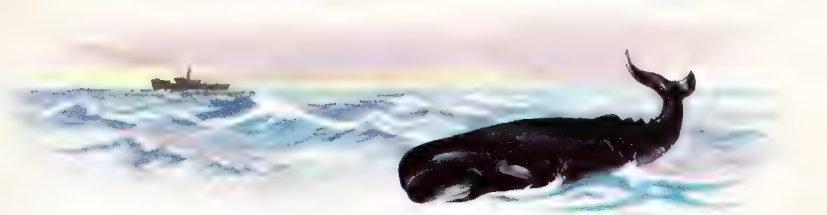
Today the picture of our globe is a very different one. Roads and railways pierce the jungles and the ever-shrinking plains as towns and cities spread. But although the world of the animals becomes smaller and smaller, steps are now being taken to protect, conserve and save them.

Fierce rains in Africa can often cause terrible floods there, and animals seeking safety from rising waters may find themselves trapped or marooned. So men set out to fetch them back to dry and familiar land again. Vital rescue work such as this is not an easy job. Panicking animals can't be *told* they're being helped, and it's no joke lifting a large, hard-hooved deer aboard a rocking boat.

Great elephants wandering the warm lands have long fallen prey to hunters who track and shoot them for one thing only—their precious ivory tusks. Nowadays strict hunting rules and regulations make sure that elephants cannot be killed for their tusks alone, and herds that were almost wiped out altogether are showing an increase in numbers.



Although tigers seem well-equipped to take care of themselves, it is a fact that these jungle marauders have had their stock greatly reduced by gun and spear.



In India especially, there are far fewer than ever before. Indeed it may not be long before men offer a "flag of truce" to their age-old enemy!

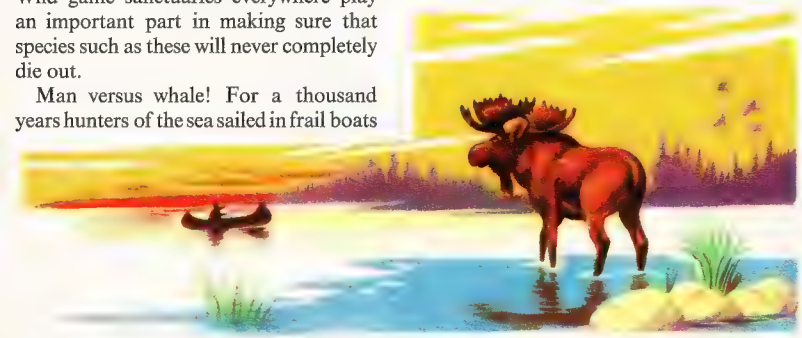
During the last thirty years the graceful giraffe family has been getting very much

smaller, but in "natural homes" such as the National Kruger Park in Africa's North-Eastern Transvaal, this animal has been given a fine permanent living place. Wild game sanctuaries everywhere play an important part in making sure that species such as these will never completely die out.

Man versus whale! For a thousand years hunters of the sea sailed in frail boats to join furious battle with this worthy underwater foe. But with the coming of steamships and power-manned harpoons —and now Radar—these enormous mammals began to disappear from the deeps. To save them from becoming extinct, the whaling men of the world have agreed that only a limited number shall, in future, be caught each and every year.

The elk—called the moose in U.S.A.—has fallen to arrow and bullet wherever its stately horns have been seen. He and his kind could still be found in Scotland seven hundred years ago! But at last men have offered protection, and his wild call can now be heard in many game reserves where "Animals Only" is the rule.

Another American wild-life centre is the Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming—a park which is almost as large as Yorkshire! Here the great black and brown bear is often seen. This is the shaggy fellow who is sometimes known as



the Grizzly. What a savage picture this word conjures up—King Grizzly, shambling animal mountain, a moving monument to callous-clawed ferocity! Yes, certainly he is a big chap, this bear; some of the older males weigh in at a thousand pounds and more, although most of the younger ones are only half as heavy as that. But despite his size and fierce appearance, the Grizzly leads a peace-loving life in the forest, finding all sorts of berries, fruits, insects and smaller animals for his food, and will hardly ever move to the attack, unless he has been attacked *first*—which is what earlier hunters found to their cost. A mother Grizzly defending her cubs is an awesome sight, but even so, several hundred pounds of fighting fury are no match for a half-ounce bullet speeding on its terrible path. But once again, men took stock of the situation in time to see that these forest rulers *deserved* to be kings in their own wild domain. And such fine parks as Yellowstone, and many others too, were well prepared for the purpose of giving animals such as the mighty Grizzly bear the right to be themselves. Here, safe at last from the guns of hunters, these steel-muscled creatures become so tame they even gather around the many visitors there *demanding* to be fed by them.

The huge and powerful bison—often called the buffalo, although the true buffalo has no hump, and can only be seen in parts of Asia and Africa—once thundered over the plains of America in millions. Truly they were the unchallenged animal masters of the great wide world of sky and sun and sand; where they belonged, and reigned supreme. But the very first settlers there, surging ever westwards, slaughtered them in millions too. (Buffalo Bill was credited with killing sixty-four in a single day.) Soon there were hardly any to be found at all. But thanks to a few far-sighted people, special territories were reserved in Canada and the U.S.A. for the last remaining bison, and now there is no danger of them disappearing from the face of the Earth.

The kangaroo, found only in Australia, seems to be thriving, despite the fact that

millions more people have come to live in this country in the last half-century. Perhaps this is because these hop-happy jumpers are always able to make an extra-speedy getaway when the need arises. Some observers have seen them clear a ten-foot fence in one great bound! Everyone knows how baby kangaroos live in their mothers' pouches, but it is not so well known that they do not take their first peep at the outside world until they are about five months old. And even when baby hops out on his own a few weeks later, he soon pops back again whenever

danger threatens, or when he simply feels like having a warm and cosy nap.

Another interesting national Australian animal is the delightful koala bear which does not really belong to the bear family at all. This cuddly creature lives entirely on Eucalyptus leaves, and is now the subject of government laws passed purely to help take care of it.

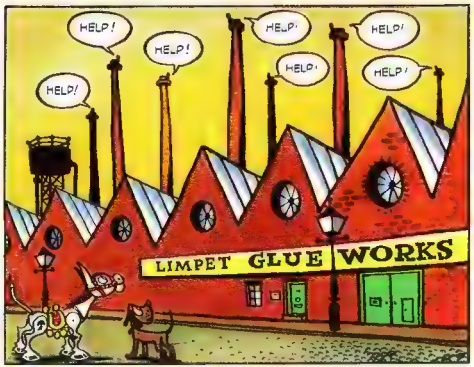
But of all the animals, it is the agile chamois who seems least in need of

schemed preservation. For this fleet-footed fellow likes living on steep and rocky mountain slopes, where men find it difficult to follow, let alone raise and fire a gun!

This creature, however, proves an exception to the all too easy attitude which, in the past, easily became the rule: the rule that animals must make way for humans, at whatever tragic cost to the animals.

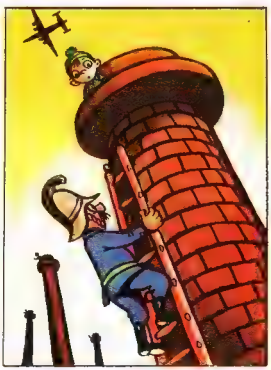
Now mankind's present concern for the state of the animal kingdom shows one thing—that all animals needing help will, in future, be given swift and sure protection.

MUFFIN
the MULE
HALLO! IF EVER YOU SEE CHILDREN MAROONED ON FACTORY CHIMNEYS BEWARE OF VACUUM CLEANERS!


HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
LIMPET GLUE WORKS

QUICK- BRING YOUR LONGEST LADDER TO THE GLUE FACTORY!
FIRE

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
NMEC



I WONDER HOW THEY ALL GOT UP THERE

AN OLD LADY IN A RED CLOAK GAVE US RIDES ON A VACUUM CLEANER AND IT FLEW THROUGH THE AIR AND DROPPED US ON THE CHIMNEYS.
I'M SURE SHE WAS A WITCH, MUFFIN!
CLANG! CLANG!

WHAT A RIDICULOUS STORY! WHO EVER HEARD OF A WITCH ON A VACUUM-CLEANER! THOSE CHILDREN ARE PULLING OUR LEGS, PETER!
YES, MUFFIN— THEY PROBABLY GOT UP THERE IN A HELICOPTER.
THAT'S ODD— THERE IS A VACUUM-CLEANER. I WONDER WHO LEFT IT LYING ON THE PAVEMENT.
PERHAPS THE ROAD MAN HAS BEEN SWEEPING UP WITH IT—
JUST IMAGINE SITTING ON IT LIKE THIS AND IT FLYING AWAY WITH US!
LOOK— THE OLD LADY IN RED!
HELP! IT'S TIPPING US OFF.
IF ONLY WE HAD REALISED THAT REALLY UP-TO-DATE WITCHES NO LONGER USE BROOMSTICKS!
NEVILLE MAIN

LARRY the Lamb and his friend, Dennis the Dachshund, were staring into a shop window in the main street of Toytown.

"Oh, Dennis," sighed Larry. "There is nothing I would like more than one of those little bicycles. My hooves get so sore trotting along the pavements all day."

"I also, my friend Larry, would like a bicycle," nodded Dennis. "My legs weren't made for a lot of walking."

Regretfully they turned away. But as they passed Mr. Growser's house something happened which made them forget all about the little bicycles.

For from Mr. Growser's chimney came a sudden bang and a blinding flash. There was a loud cry of "This is disgraceful!" from inside the house and next moment the front door flew open and Mr. Growser himself rushed out into the street.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Larry. "Ho! ho! ho!" bellowed Dennis. And well might they laugh, for Mr. Growser was wearing a wedding dress and carrying a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

Larry and Dennis were too busy laughing to notice the approach of their friend, Ernest the policeman.

"Mr. Growser, sir!" said Ernest, severely. "Might I ask what you are doing making an exhibition of yourself in the streets of Toytown. In front of these young animals, too! A gentleman of your age ought to know better than to behave like this."

Mr. Growser was dancing up and down and spluttering with rage.

"You do not think for a moment, officer," he stormed, "that I would *choose* to be dressed in these dreadful clothes! This is some prank of the Magician's. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Well, that's different," said Ernest stroking his chin thoughtfully. "I must say that several strange occurrences have been reported in the town this morning."

"I insist," continued Mr. Growser, who was not listening to Ernest, "that you go straight to the Magician's house and arrest him for causing a public nuisance."

Ernest frowned.

"I hope," he said forbiddingly, "that as an officer of the law I know my duty."

And with that he turned and strode importantly towards the Magician's house. Larry and Dennis trotted eagerly after him. This promised to be fun.

Ernest looked at them severely, but beyond saying, "Now just you behave yourself, my Lamb," he took no further notice.

When they arrived at the Magician's home they found a small crowd listening to a quarrel which could be heard taking place inside the house.

"It's the Magician having an argument with the Inventor," murmured Larry, his ear cocked to listen.

The argument seemed to be going something like this:

"Can!"
"Can't!"
"Can!"
"Can't!"
"Yah!"

and so on.

Occasionally there were flashes of green and red light, an occasional bang and sometimes a whirring noise.

Ernest pulled back his shoulders, thrust out his chin and calling "Make way for an officer of the law!" pushed his way to the front of the crowd and

opened the garden gate—only to go head over heels on a large patch of ice.

This was the last thing Ernest had expected because it was midsummer at the time. But he had failed to notice an ice-making machine, belonging to the inventor, left lying outside the front door.

Breathing heavily, Ernest crawled over the ice and reached up to grasp

the knocker. As he touched it he gave a yell and let go.

"It's red hot!" he cried.

The crowd were having a marvellous time laughing at Ernest, especially Larry and Dennis, who were by now rolling about on the pavement.

Frowning heavily, for he did not like to lose his dignity, Ernest crawled back across the patch of ice.

"This seems to be a case for Mr. Mayor," he said stiffly.

"Here, my Lamb, you can make yourself useful. Go and fetch Mr. Mayor."

Larry trotted off eagerly to the Town Hall and was soon telling Mr. Mayor about how the Magician and the Inventor were having a quarrel and how all sorts of strange things were happening in the process.

The Mayor, however, did not seem very concerned. He beamed as he poured himself a glass of water.

"Come, come," he said, jovially. "I don't see why they shouldn't have their fun. They're not doing anyone any harm. As for Mr. Growser wearing a wedding dress. . . . Ha! Ha! Ha! Very funny!"

Just then his glass of water turned to a deep purple colour.

"This is disgraceful," he snapped,

his expression changing suddenly. "That Magician's pranks must be put a stop to. Come with me, my Lamb."

"What a marvellous morning!" thought Larry, happily, as he trotted along behind Mr. Mayor.

The sounds of argument stopped and, after a moment, the window was thrown up and the Magician stuck out his head.

"I wish to know," demanded Mr. Mayor, "why innocent citizens of Toytown are being plagued by your spells."

"Well, it's like this, Mr. Mayor," replied the Magician apologetically. "I don't want to cause any offence but the Inventor is boasting that his inventions are cleverer than my magic and I've got to show him he's wrong. I am very sorry if some of my spells are getting out of hand."

"Rubbish!" came an angry yell from the Inventor. "It's the Magician who's trying to pretend that his magic is better than my inventions."

"Come, come," said Mr. Mayor testily. "Couldn't you settle your bickering some other way without causing this hurly burly?"

Larry tugged at Mr. Mayor's sleeve.

"Yes?" said Mr. Mayor and bent down so that Larry could whisper into his ear. As he listened, his face took on a look of approval.

"A very good suggestion, my Lamb," he exclaimed at last.

Then, turning to the Magician and the Inventor he said:

"This Lamb suggests that a contest is held in the town square between the Magician and the Inventor to prove who is the better. I will set a suitable test and be the judge."

"I accept, Mr. Mayor," cried the Magician at once, glaring at the Inventor.

"And I," declared the Inventor, glaring at the Magician.

"Good," said Mr. Mayor. "Then it is up to me to set a test."

He thought for a moment. Then he made his announcement.

"The winner of the contest will be the one who can make a star fall to earth," he declared to the crowd.

The crowd gasped at this because the Mayor could not have set a more difficult task—and anyone who was watching the Magician and the Inventor would have noticed that they both turned very pale indeed.

During the next week, Larry and Dennis waited eagerly for the contest.

The Magician had ordered a new wand for the occasion and was busy

practising his spells, while the Inventor was hard at work in his back garden building an enormous machine which seemed to consist of a big wooden box with a trap-door in the side and lots of mirrors and bits of metal. He called it a "Star-attractor".

But all the time both the Magician and the Inventor looked very worried.

Larry was watching the Inventor one morning, when Dennis came up, very pleased with himself.

"Who—who do you think will win Dennis?" asked Larry.

Dennis looked very mysterious.

"I do not know, my friend," he said, "but I have just been talking to the Magician, and he seems very much more confident now."

Just then the Inventor looked up and saw Dennis.

"Just the dog I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "Come here, my lad."

Dennis went over to him and there was a lot of muttering and whispering and nodding of heads. Larry was very puzzled by all this, but at last Dennis came back to him and led him away.

"Er—Larry, my friend, would you like to have one of those little bicycles in the shop window just for doing the Inventor a good turn?" he asked.

Larry's mouth fell open with delight.

"B-a-a-a-," he replied, very excited. "That sounds marvellous."

"You see," went on Dennis, keeping his voice very low, "the Inventor doesn't think he can make a star fall to earth without some help. He asked me to help him, but unfortunately, my friend Larry, I have other business on hand."

"But, Dennis," gasped Larry. "Is —is that very nice? The Inventor shouldn't really have anyone to help him."

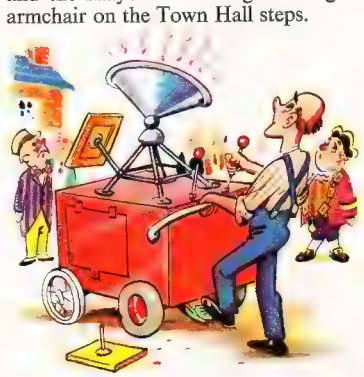
Dennis looked at his friend open-mouthed.

"Larry!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "Do you want the Inventor to look a fool in front of the crowd? Think of the shame for him! I'm surprised at you, Larry."

"If—if you put it that way, I—I suppose not," replied Larry, rather unhappily. "Very well, Dennis. I'll help."

The next day there was tremendous excitement in the town square as the first evening stars appeared. People jostled one another eagerly as they waited for the great contest to start.

The Toytown band was playing and the Mayor was sitting in a big armchair on the Town Hall steps.



The excitement mounted as the Inventor, who was to have first try, wheeled his machine into the centre of the square. One or two pieces fell from it as he did so, but he did not seem to mind at all.

He pulled several levers, pushed a knob or two and trod on a pedal. All the time he was staring at the sky. Everyone else stared too.

The machine gave a loud whirring noise. Then:

"Clang!"

There, by the side of the machine, lay a little star. There was tremendous

cheering, which the Inventor acknowledged with a bow, and the citizens of Toytown pressed forward (for they had never seen a star at close quarters before). But Ernest the policeman, who was remaining very calm and dignified, held them back with a few pokes from his truncheon.

Mr. Mayor, too, remained very calm, although he looked very surprised. "Now it is the turn of the Magician," he announced, after congratulating the Inventor.

Instantly the Magician hurried forward, scowling because the Inventor had succeeded. The Inventor looked on in a very superior fashion as the Magician began his spell.

"Abracadabra! Zing-a-Ling Ting-a-Ling! Prank-Prank-Pronk!"

The Magician gave a little hop and

a skip, waved his magic wand and—

"Clonk!"

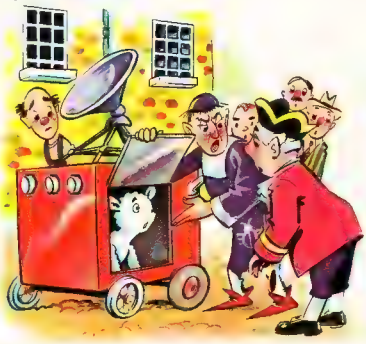
A shiny star bounced off Mr. Mayor's head and dropped with a tinny rattle on to the Town Hall steps.

This time there was an an even more tremendous cheer and even Ernest the policeman looked excited. Only Mr. Mayor showed no interest, for he was holding his head and looking dazed.

However, he quickly forced a smile and stood up.

"Citizens of Toytown," he began. "It seems that both the Inventor and the Magician have——"

Just then there was a loud "A-tish-oo," from the box which formed part of the Inventor's machine, followed by an "Oh dear!"



The Magician's angry voice was the first to break the hush which followed.

"It's that Lamb!" he cried. "Hidden inside the machine."

He rushed to the machine and opened the trap-door—and there was Larry, looking timidly out from the big box.

"There you are, Your Worship," cried the Magician. "The Inventor has cheated. It was this Lamb who threw the star out of the machine."

The Inventor looked as if he hoped the earth would swallow him up. But at that moment there was a loud "Ouch!" from somewhere up in the air, a sudden scuffle, and Dennis the Dachsund came skidding helplessly down one of the Town Hall drain-pipes to land, looking very harassed, almost at the Mayor's feet.

"So!" exploded the Inventor, drawing himself up, and glaring at the Magician. "It was that Dachsund who threw *your* star down from the top of a drainpipe!"

The Magician and the Inventor confronted each other with their chins thrust out and both looking very bad-tempered indeed.

Dennis hurried across to Larry just as fast as his little legs would carry him.

"Come, Larry," he hissed. "It is time we left. I don't think either of us is going to get a bicycle."

The two friends scampered across the square. Larry feeling very frightened. But before they had got very far they were surprised to hear sudden bursts of laughter behind them.

They turned round and there, to their amazement, were the Inventor and the Magician laughing heartily and slapping each other on the back.

"Ha! ha! ha! So you didn't know how to do it."

"Hee! hee! hee! Neither did you."

"I was very worried."

"So was I."

"Why were we quarrelling?"

"I cannot imagine."

At that moment, the Inventor spotted Larry and Dennis.

"Come here, my Lamb," he called, "and Dennis."

The friends went up to him very nervously because they did not know what to expect.

"Things did not turn out as I expected," said the Inventor, looking at Larry. "But perhaps it was just as well, because I am now friends again with my old pal, the Magician. Therefore I shall keep my promise and still give you the bicycle."

"And I, too, will give you the bicycle I promised you," said the Magician to Dennis.

"Yippee," carolled the two friends, both at once.

The Mayor then pronounced the contest a draw, and said how nice it was that the Inventor and Magician were friends again. He said he hoped that Toytown would now have some peace.

But Larry and Dennis weren't really listening to him.

They were off to buy their bicycles!

1. The Ladybird Twins picnic in the woods. The deer, rabbits and birds come and watch.

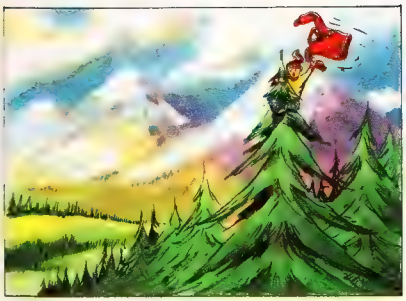
2. Peggy gives them tit-bits to eat. But Peter sniffs the air. He can smell burning.

3. "The forest is on fire!" he shouts. "Peggy, run for help. I'll try and save the animals."

4. He runs from the roaring flames, taking the animals with him across the stream.

5. Then he rushes back to the spreading fire and bravely tries to beat out the flames.

6. Meanwhile, Peggy chooses one of the tallest trees in the forest and climbs it!



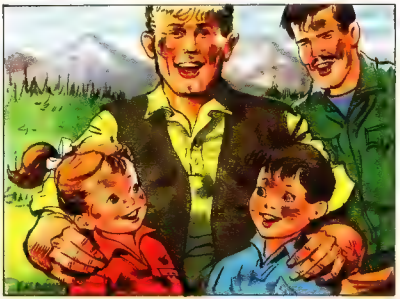
7. She scrambles right to the top and then she takes off her Ladybird Middy Sweater.

8. "Help—Fire, help!" yells Peggy, waving the bright red sweater over her head.

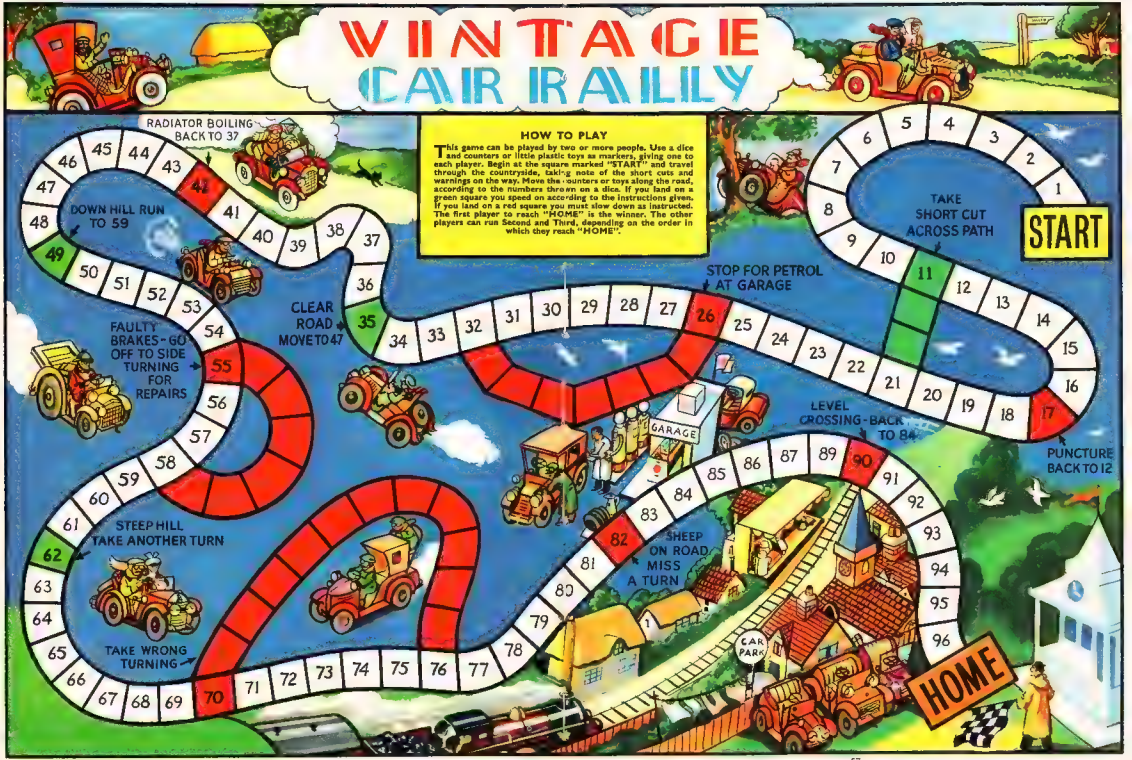
9. There are two woodcutters near by who are making such a noise they do not hear her.

10. But they see the signal and stop to listen. Hearing the word "FIRE!" they run to help.

11. Peggy leads them to Peter and together they beat out the flames with the brooms.



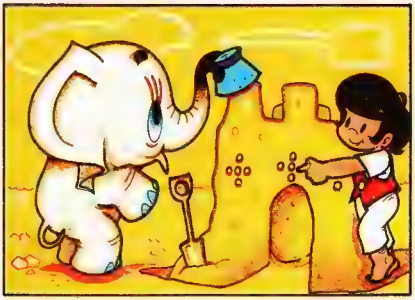
12. "Well done, Ladybird Adventurers! Without you, the forest would have burnt down!"


VINTAGE CAR RALLY
HOW TO PLAY
This game can be played by two or more people. Use a dice and counters or little plastic toys as markers, giving one to each player. Begin at the square marked "START" and travel through the countryside, taking note of the short cuts and warnings on the way. Move the counters or toys along the road, according to the numbers thrown on a dice. If you land on a green square you speed on according to the instructions given. If you land on a red square you must slow down as instructed. The first player to reach "HOME" is the winner. The other players can run Second and Third, depending on the order in which they reach "HOME".
START
TAKE SHORT CUT ACROSS PATH
STOP FOR PETROL AT GARAGE
GARAGE
LEVEL CROSSING - BACK TO 84
PUNCTURE BACK TO 12
RADIATOR BOILING BACK TO 37
DOWN HILL RUN TO 59
FAULTY BRAKES - GO OFF TO SIDE TURNING FOR REPAIRS
CLEAR ROAD MOVE TO 47
STEEP HILL TAKE ANOTHER TURN
TAKE WRONG TURNING
SHEEP ON ROAD MISS A TURN
CAR PARK
HOME

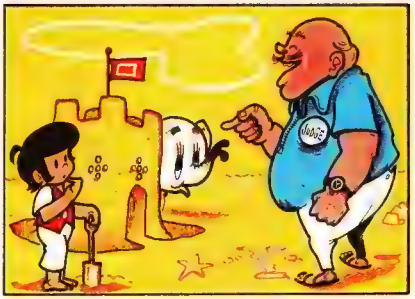
PACKI's Seaside Adventure

By Tony Hart

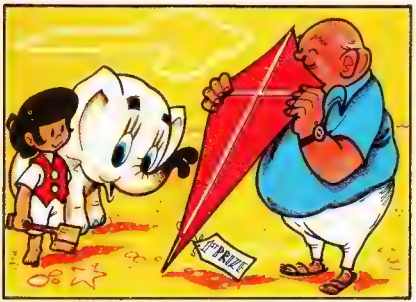
1. It is holiday time. Tipu, the Indian boy, with his friend Packi, the little white elephant are at the seaside on the first day of their holiday.



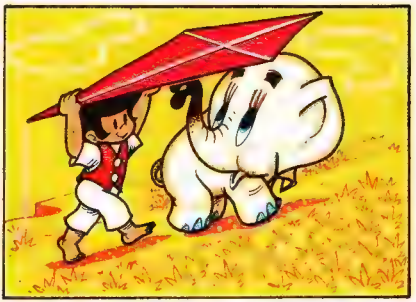
2. The sands are golden and the weather is glorious. "I have my bucket and spade," says Packi. "Shall we build a super sandcastle?" says Tipu.



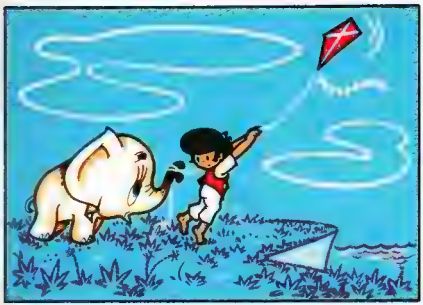
3. They build a magnificent castle. They are both very pleased. So is the jolly gentleman who has been watching them. "You win first prize!" he cries.



4. "I am the judge for the sandcastle contest," he says. "No one else has built any sandcastles so you *have* to win!" He presents them with a kite.



5. It is a big red kite. "We shall have some fun with this," chuckles Packi. "It will be easier to fly it from the top of that high cliff," he says.



6. The breeze is much stronger up there. The kite is soon soaring skywards. "I think you had better hang on to the string as well!" Tipu tells Packi.

7. Packi wraps the kite string round his trunk. The two friends tug at their end of the string and the kite dances merrily on the other end of it.

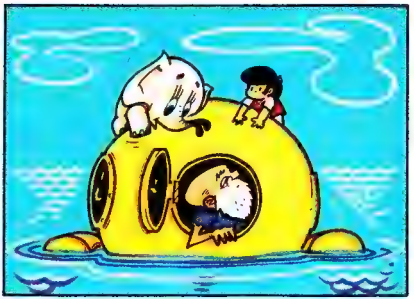
8. Poor Packi and Tipu are no match for the kite and the strong wind. "Oh dear!" gasps Packi. "Whoever heard of a flying elephant?"

9. Tipu and Packi are sure that they are going to end up on some distant planet. But the weight of boy and elephant is too much for the kite string.

10. Down they hurtle. Packi thinks it is a good thing that they are over the sea. "I think we have broken the high diving record!" he mutters to Tipu.

11. The sea is calm and beautifully warm, but they are a long way from the shore. "I hope you are fit, Packi," puffs Tipu as he strikes out for land.

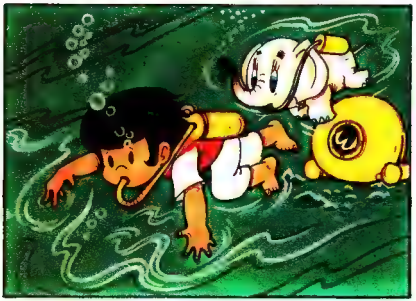
12. The appearance of a strange, round, yellow object gives them the chance of a rest. "Is it a fish?" Tipu asks. "I do not think so," replies Packi.



13. The round object turns out to be a sort of round submarine with portholes. A porthole opens and a bearded face looks out at them.

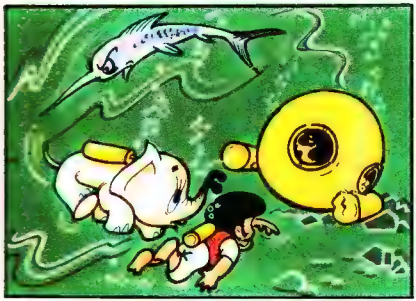
14. It is their friend Professor Zed. The last time they met they worked on a space rocket. Now the professor is experimenting with under-water craft.

15. "You are just the chaps I need," he says. "I have a new, easy aqua-lung." The professor wants them to try it. The "Zedmarine" reaches the sea bed.

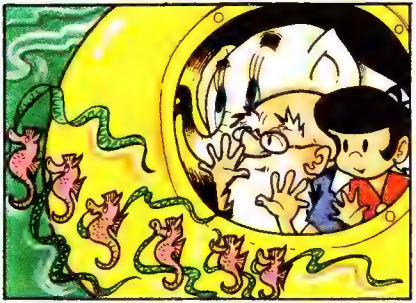


16. Packi and Tipu put on the aqua-lungs and leave the Zedmarine. It is very exciting to be swimming about deep down in the sea. But what is this?

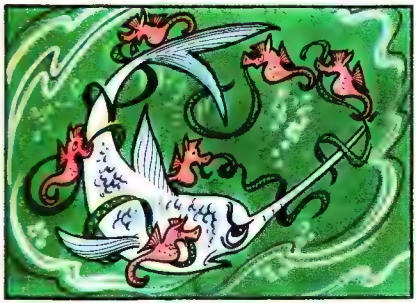
17. A nasty tempered sword-fish is interested in the Zedmarine. It punctures one of the air floats of the vessel. "Oh dear," sighs the professor.



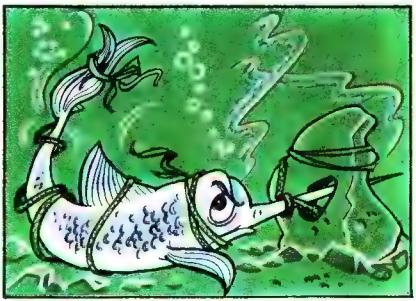
18. The water rushes into the float of the Zedmarine and it is too heavy to surface. The sword-fish sees Packi and Tipu and chases them.



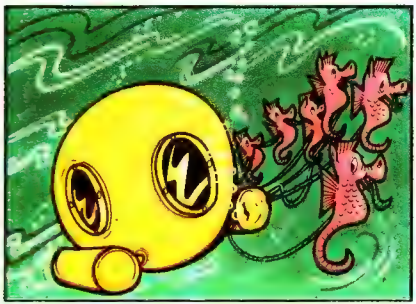
19. Just in time they reach the safety of the Zedmarine. "If that sword-fish does more damage we will never reach the surface!" says the professor.



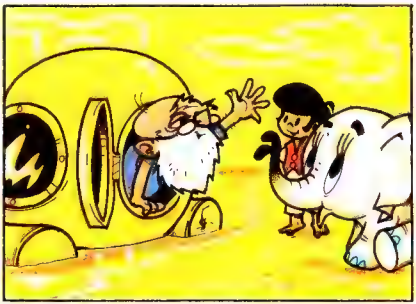
20. A group of tiny sea-horses, seeing the trouble, decide to prevent the sword-fish from sticking his nose into any other part of the Zedmarine.



21. They soon have the sword-fish well tied fin and tail. The bully of the deep is bound with seaweed and left until he can wriggle himself free.



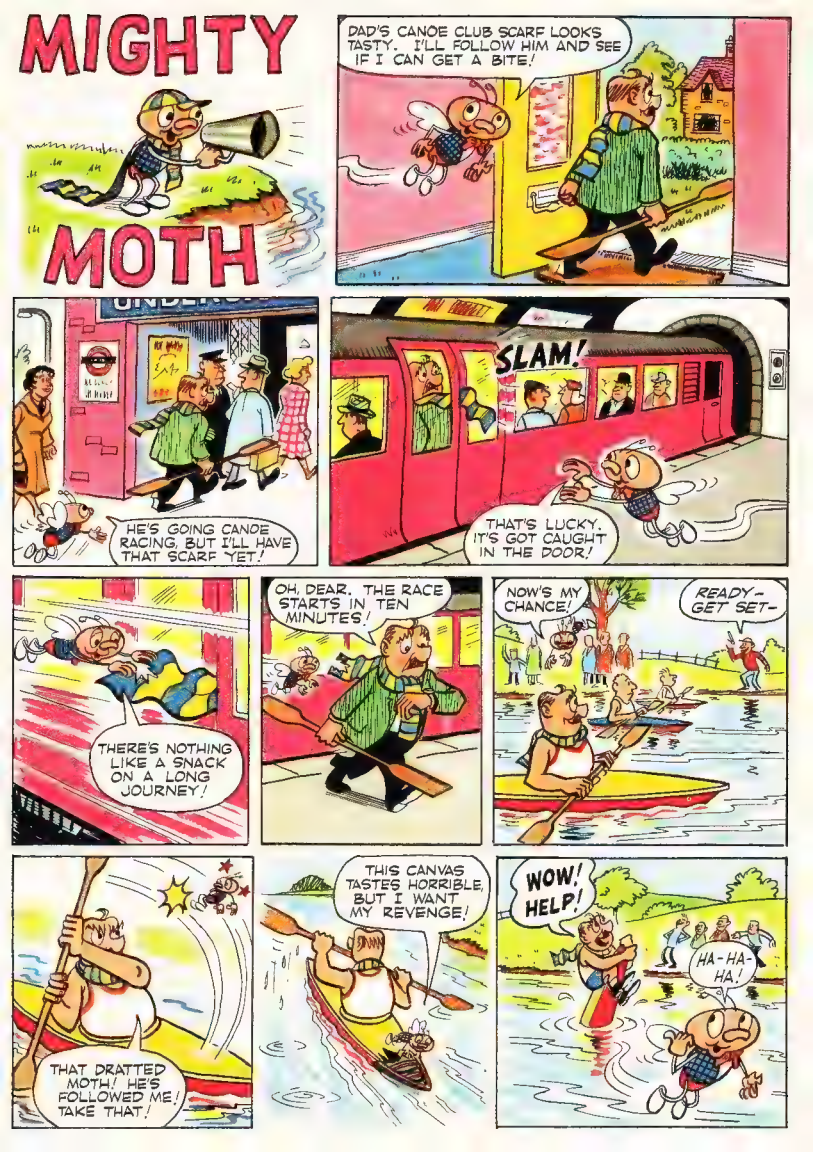
22. The plucky sea-horses then collect more seaweed and, after making it fast to the now lopsided Zedmarine, take the ends in their mouths and pull.



23. When they reach the shore, the professor inspects the damage. "Soon put that right," he smiles. Packi and Tipu *have* had an exciting adventure!

Muffin Boots
An old story brought up to date and told by Muffin himself.
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MILLER'S SON WHOSE FATHER LEFT HIM NOTHING BUT A MULE — ME — MUFFIN!
OF WHAT USE IS A MULE TO A CHAP WITHOUT A BEAN?
DON'T WORRY, DUSTY, I WILL PROVE MY WORTH!
JUST GIVE ME TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS AND A BASKET AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.
I HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN I SAW A SIMPLE COUNTRY LASS IN HER COTTAGE GARDEN PICKING CARROTS.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT THOSE CARROTS, I HOPE—
WHY SHOULDN'T I EAT THEM?
I'VE BEEN EATING CARROTS ALL MY LIFE, AND LOOK HOW LONG MY EARS HAVE GROWN!
SO THEY HAVE! HERE,— YOU'D BETTER TAKE THESE— I DON'T FANCY THEM NOW!
A LITTLE FURTHER ALONG THE LANE I MET A HUMBLE PHEASANT— SORRY, I MEAN PEASANT— LEANING ON HIS HOE.
HO, THERE! WHERE DOES THE KING LIVE?
HIS MAJESTY LIVES IN YON SPLENDID CASTLE.
AND SO...
I BRING YOUR MAJESTY A GIFT FROM MY MASTER THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.
FRESH YOUNG CARROTS EH? MY FAVOURITE FOOD!

THE KING HAS INVITED YOU TO DINNER
BUT I CAN'T GO IN THESE OLD CLOTHES!
GO BATHING IN THE RIVER AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.
HERE COMES THE KING WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.
SIRE - THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS HAS LOST HIS CLOTHES WHILE BATHING
DON'T WORRY - I WILL SEND HIM SOME GARMENTS FROM THE ROYAL WARDROBE.
VERY 'SMART' NOW I MUST GET YOU SOMEWHERE TO LIVE
HO THERE! WHO OWNS THESE FIELDS AND YON HANDSOME MANSION?
IT ALL BELONGS TO A VILE OGRE WHO CAN CHANGE HIMSELF INTO ANYTHING HE CHOOSES
OF COURSE I CAN CHANGE MYSELF INTO A CARROT! - JUST YOU WATCH -
WELL - WHEN I HAD EATEN THE ER - CARROT, DUSTY THE MILLER'S SON MOVED INTO THE CARROTS - I MEAN THE OGRE'S - HANDSOME MANSION.
REMOVALS TO ALL PARTS
A FEW WEEKS LATER A ROYAL MESSENGER BROUGHT ME A MESSAGE -
NEVILLE MAIN
His Majesty The King Invites Muffin to the Wedding of His Daughter The Princess Auborgine to The Marquis of Carabas Wednesday Next 10 to 30 Sharp
R.S.V.P.
AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!


MIGHTY
MOTH
DAD'S CANOE CLUB SCARF LOOKS TASTY. I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE IF I CAN GET A BITE!
HE'S GOING CANOE RACING, BUT I'LL HAVE THAT SCARF YET!
SLAM!
THAT'S LUCKY. IT'S GOT CAUGHT IN THE DOOR!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A SNACK ON A LONG JOURNEY!
OH, DEAR, THE RACE STARTS IN TEN MINUTES!
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
READY- GET SET-
THAT DRATTED MOTH! HE'S FOLLOWED ME! TAKE THAT!
THIS CANVAS TASTES HORRIBLE, BUT I WANT MY REVENGE!
WOW! HELP!
HA-HA-HA!

SUPER NAN
MY DELIVERY VAN'S BROKEN DOWN.
I'LL HELP YOU.
WHERE DO WE GO FIRST?
MRS. BROWN LIVES ON THE FIFTH FLOOR.
THAT'S MUCH TOO FAR.
WHERE NOW?
WE CAN'T WASTE TIME GOING THERE.
WHAT'S NEXT?
MRS. SMITH'S NOT AT HOME
WE'LL PUT IT INSIDE.
WE'VE GOT TIME FOR A DRIVE!

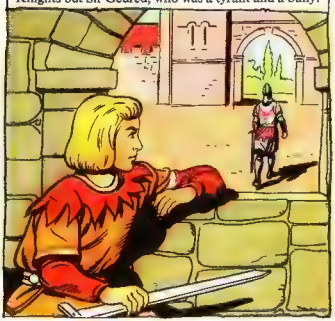
For The Honour Of The KING

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR

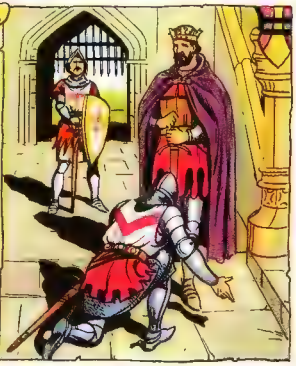
Roland was page-boy to Sir Gedred, a Knight at the court of King Arthur. But Roland had dreams that one day he would be a Knight himself. And, despite the many jibes which he had to put up with, he practised daily with a wooden sword.

Roland heard Sir Gedred calling "Stop wasting your time with that toy, I have been called to the King."

Roland sighed as he watched Sir Gedred leave. He would rather have paged for any of King Arthur's Knights but Sir Gedred, who was a tyrant and a bully.

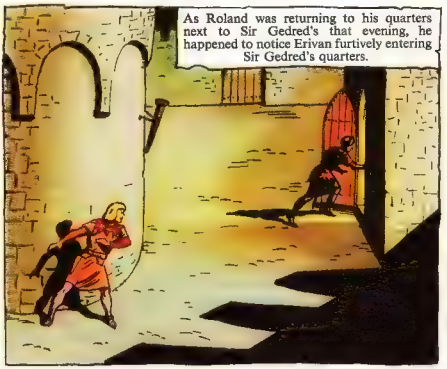


Sir Gedred found a stranger with King Arthur. The King explained that a dispute had arisen between the stranger, whose name was Erivan, and himself. Erivan laid claim to a vast area of land which the King believed to be his. But to settle the issue, he had agreed that Erivan should battle with one of his own Knights in the next day's tournament. The King had chosen Sir Gedred to represent him in the fight.



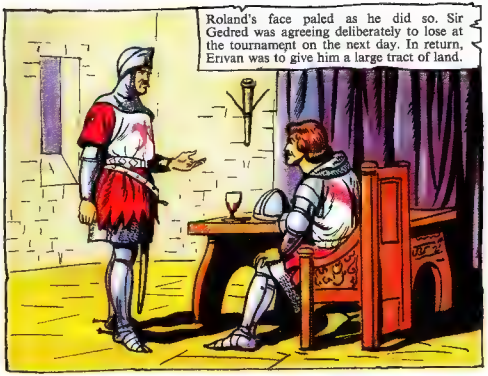
The choice was a high honour for Sir Gedred and, as soon as Roland knew, he tried to offer his congratulations. But Sir Gedred brushed him aside.

As Roland was returning to his quarters next to Sir Gedred's that evening, he happened to notice Erivan furtively entering Sir Gedred's quarters.



There was something suspicious about Erivan's manner and, for the King's sake, Roland felt bound to listen.

Roland's face paled as he did so. Sir Gedred was agreeing deliberately to lose at the tournament on the next day. In return, Erivan was to give him a large tract of land.

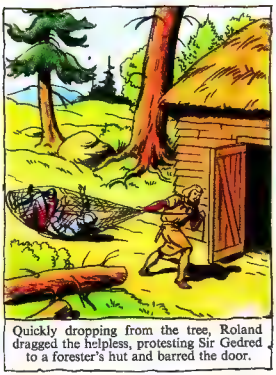


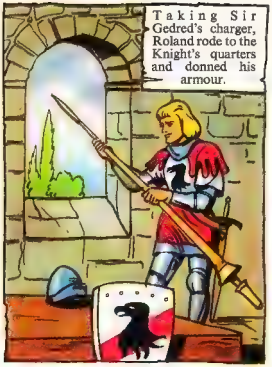
Roland did not know what to do. No one would take the word of a page against that of a Knight. Then a daring idea occurred to him.

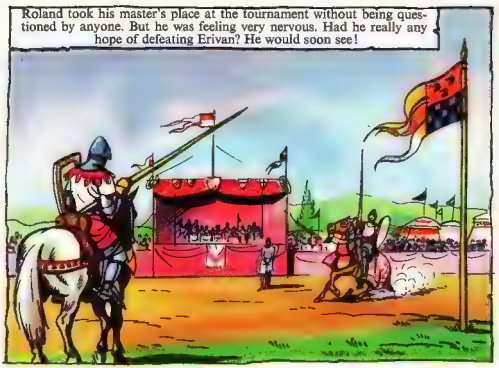
When Sir Gedred took his horse for exercise through the woods, Roland followed. He carried a large net used for trapping wild animals.

Darting ahead of Sir Gedred, Roland climbed a tree and waited for him. Then, drawing a deep breath, he threw the net.

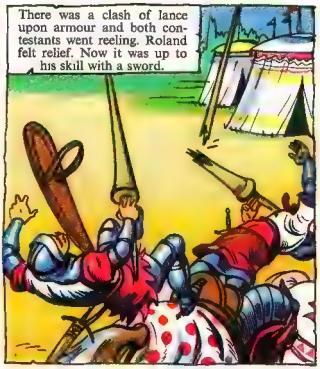
Quickly dropping from the tree, Roland dragged the helpless, protesting Sir Gedred to a forester's hut and barred the door.



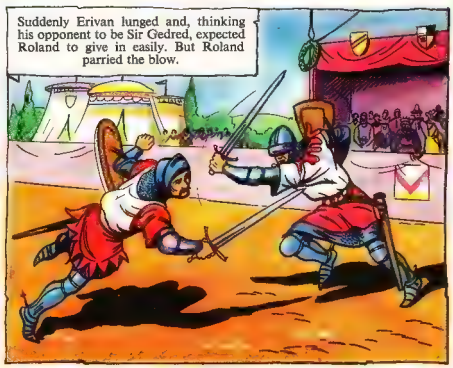

Taking Sir Gedred's charger, Roland rode to the Knight's quarters and donned his armour.


Roland took his master's place at the tournament without being questioned by anyone. But he was feeling very nervous. Had he really any hope of defeating Erivan? He would soon see!

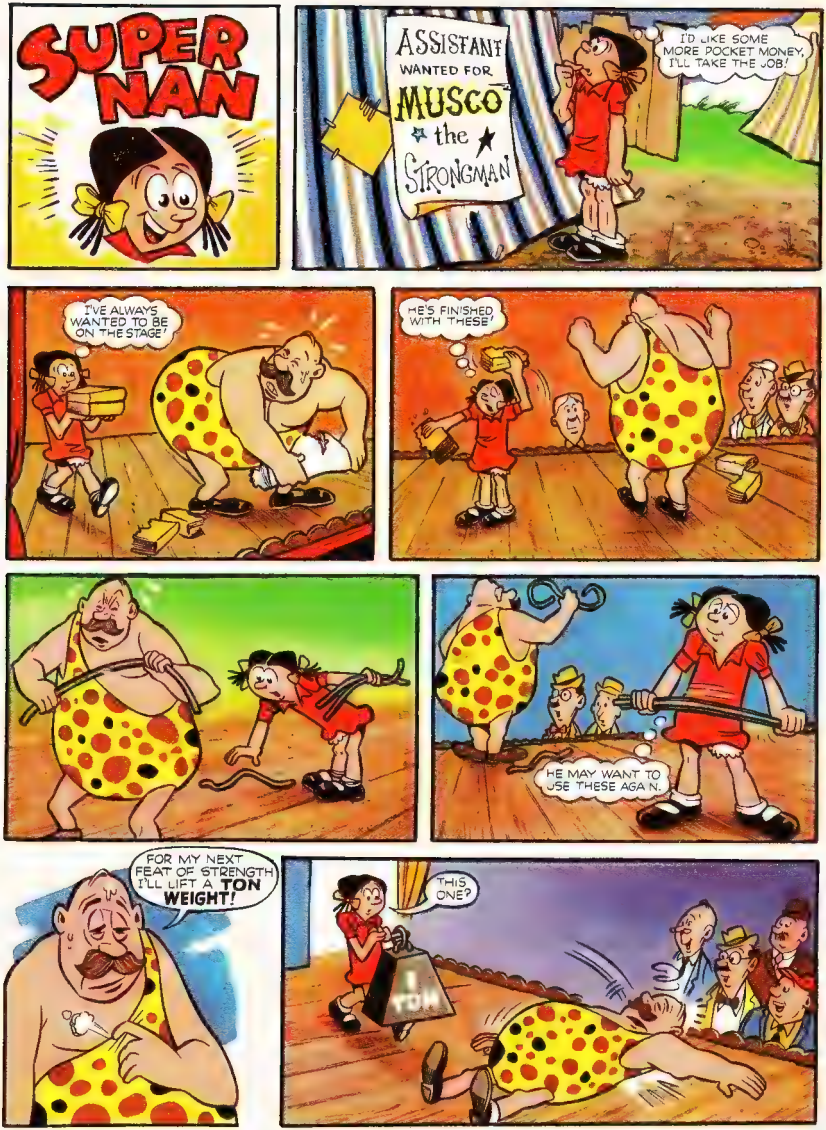
Lances poised, Roland and Erivan thundered towards each other.


There was a clash of lance upon armour and both contestants went reeling. Roland felt relief. Now it was up to his skill with a sword.

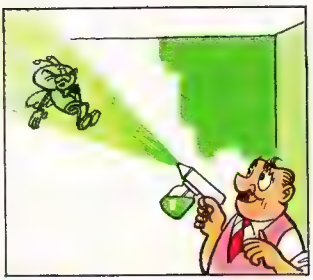
Warily they circled each other, seeking an opening.


Suddenly Erivan lunged and, thinking his opponent to be Sir Gedred, expected Roland to give in easily. But Roland parried the blow.

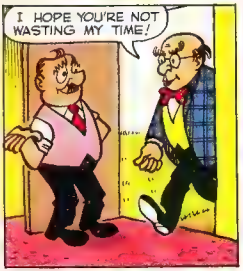
Furious at what he thought to be Sir Gedred's going back on his word, Erivan sprang forward once more and Roland realised the skill of his opponent. Fighting desperately, he was forced nearer and nearer to the ground.
"Now I have thee!" cried Erivan, his sword at Roland's throat.
But for that instant, Erivan relaxed. "Now, sir, I have thee!" retorted Roland as his sword flashed and knocked the weapon from Erivan's hand.
Holding his sword against Erivan's throat, Roland threw back his visor. "It is Sir Gedred's page!" rose an astounded cry.
"Now tell the King of the plot between thee and Sir Gedred," ordered Roland. Humbled, Erivan did so. "Sir Gedred is no longer a Knight at my court," declared the King.
"My honour has been saved by a humble page," said the King to Roland. "But no more will you have to practise with a wooden sword. You are worthy to take your place with the best of my Knights. Give me your sword." And Roland knelt and was Knighted.

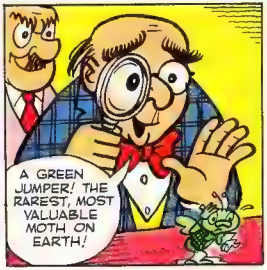

SUPER NAN
ASSISTANT WANTED FOR MUSCO the STRONGMAN
I'D LIKE SOME MORE POCKET MONEY, I'LL TAKE THE JOB!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE ON THE STAGE!
HE'S FINISHED WITH THESE!
HE MAY WANT TO USE THESE AGAIN.
FOR MY NEXT FEAT OF STRENGTH I'LL LIFT A TON WEIGHT!
THIS ONE?
1 TON

MIGHTY MOTH

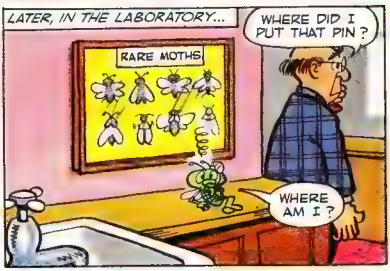


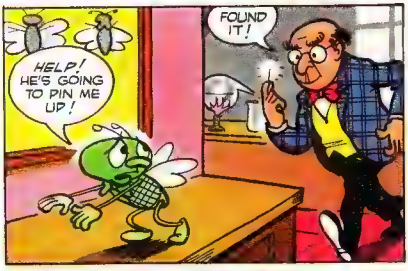
I'LL PHONE THE PROFESSOR!


I HOPE YOU'RE NOT WASTING MY TIME!


A GREEN JUMPER! THE RAREST, MOST VALUABLE MOTH ON EARTH!

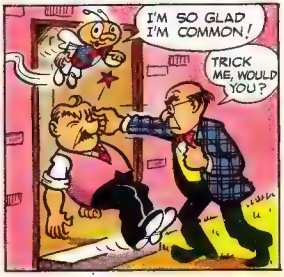
GOT HIM!


LATER, IN THE LABORATORY...
RARE MOTHS
WHERE DID I PUT THAT PIN?
WHERE AM I?

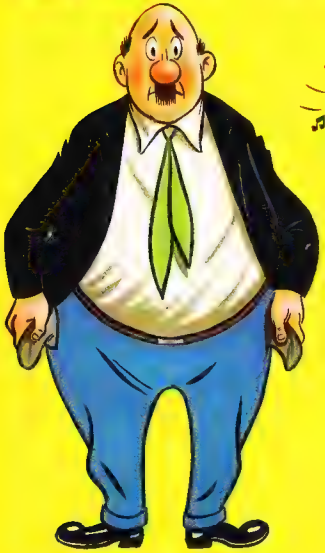

HELP! HE'S GOING TO PIN ME UP!
FOUND IT!

AH-HA! A NAIL-BRUSH!

LOOK! IT'S ONLY PAINT!
SCRUB
THE COMMONEST MOTH OF ALL!


I'M SO GLAD I'M COMMON!
TRICK ME, WOULD YOU?

MEET THE BAKERS' DOZEN!



Poor old Dad's a Baker
Who's always short of "dough"
But with so many mouths to feed
How could it not be so?

Nancy once learned how to dance,
But she was only five.
Ballet dancing's not for her—
She'd rather "rock" and "jive!"

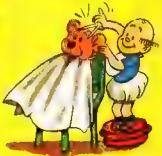
Meet Herbert, he's the brainy one,
He's really very clever
Whenever there are chores to do,
Can he be found? No never!

Little Jill and Jack are twins.
They're very like each other,
But it isn't difficult to tell
The Sister from the Brother

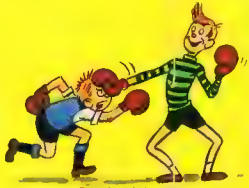
Mum is understanding,
So gentle and so sweet,
But sometimes she has trouble
In making both ends meet

Freckles is the sporty type,
He once tried water-polo!
But he caught cramp and, in a flash,
The lad was flying solo!

Sometimes when Mum is feeling tired
Our little Suzy bakes.
There's never ever been such smoke
Since Alfred burned the cakes!

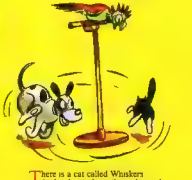


Toody is the smallest child,
He's loved by everyone
He plays at being quite grown up,
And has a lot of fun



Lanky boxes for his school
And always seems to win
It is because he is so tall,
They never hit his chin.

Baby has one aim in life,
To eat the whole day through!
He sometimes thinks he'd like to be
A monkey at the zoo!



There is a cat called Whiskers
And a dog to keep things buzzin'
And a parrot named Sir Edward—
That completes The Bakers' Dozen!

LOCHY
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER

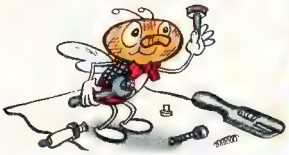
JINGS! NOT A SCRAP OF FOOD IN THE HOUSE AND I'VE NO MONEY.
I'LL HAVE TO GET A JOB.
I'VE GOT A JOB BUT I DON'T GET PAID TILL THE END OF THE MONTH.
OH, JINGS!
COME BACK! COME BACK, DO YOU HEAR!

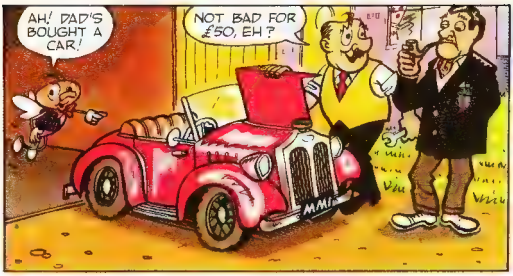
WHAT A LOT OF LEAVES.
THE CART WON'T HOLD ANY MORE.
I KNOW! I'LL BURN THEM.
OUCH! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
COUGH! SPLUTTER! PUT OUT THAT FIRE, YOU DOPE. YOU'RE CHOKING ME.
CHESTNUTS! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
THIS IS GREAT! ROASTED CHESTNUTS! THEY'LL KEEP ME GOING TILL PAY DAY.
MMM! SUPER!

COCO THE CLOWN
HMMM! THE ANIMALS LOOK A BIT SEEDY. I HOPE THEY'RE NOT GOING TO CATCH COLDS.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I WILL NOW DO MY FAMOUS 'ONE-LEGGED RIDE!
A-A-AH...
CHOO!
BOO! BOO! BOO!
A-AH!
TAKE HIM AWAY—AND GIVE HIM AN ASPIRIN!
MEET SALLY, THE PERFORMING SEAL.
OINK!
STEADY, GIRL!

AATCHOO!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN – HERE COMES THE PARADE OF THE ELEPHANTS.
BOO!
NO-NO-NO!
A-A-A-A-AAH-
OH, NO!
ATCHOO!
COCO
WHOOSH
H'M! COCO'S IN A HURRY TO GET HOME.
COME ON OUT, COCO!
I CAN'T BOSS. I-I'VE CAUGHT A COLD!

MIGHTY MOTH

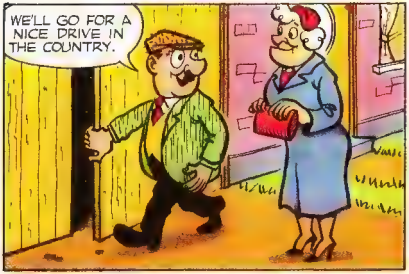


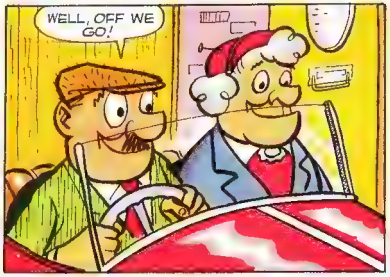

AH! DAD'S BOUGHT A CAR!
NOT BAD FOR £50, EH?

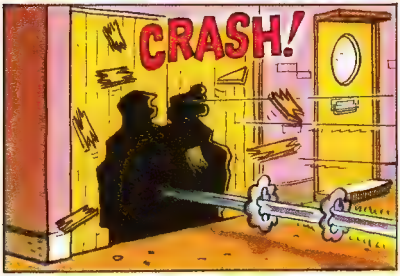
HEY, MOTH, HOLD THIS SPARKING PLUG.

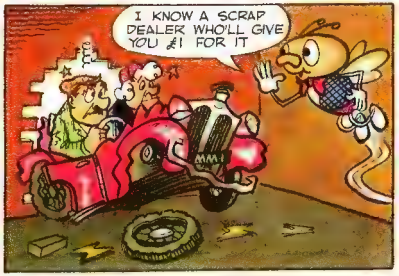
YEOW! IT'S HOT!
HA! HA! HA!

LATER...
I'LL FIX HIM!


WE'LL GO FOR A NICE DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

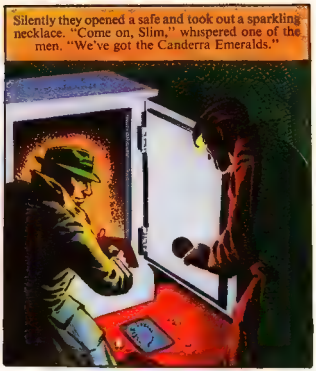

WELL, OFF WE GO!


CRASH!


I KNOW A SCRAP DEALER WHO'LL GIVE YOU £1 FOR IT

Mark of the Scorpion

One night, two crooks broke into a large London jewellers.


Silently they opened a safe and took out a sparkling necklace. "Come on, Slim," whispered one of the men. "We've got the Canderra Emeralds."

Then the man called Gregg placed a bronze ornament by the safe. "The Scorpion Gang strikes again. Heh! The boss will be pleased with us, Slim," Gregg smiled.

But as they left the shop with the famous Canderra Emeralds, a policeman saw them. "Hey! Stop!" he shouted.

A sleek saloon car drove up and before the constable could stop them, the men had escaped.

Quickly the constable ran to a police call-box and reported the robbery.

It was not long before a police patrol car was following the bandits.

POLICE

But the clever crooks managed to elude the police car. "The Scorpion Gang has escaped again," reported one of the patrolmen. "That's the sixth robbery in a month."

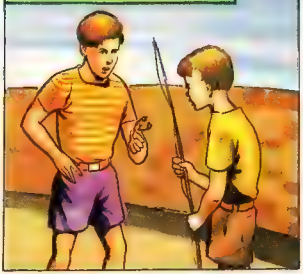
Knowing that the crooks would flee the country, all the British police forces throughout the world were told to look for the men. Gibraltar was on the list.

Inspector Gray of the Gibraltar police issued orders to his men. "We're directly opposite Tangier and North Africa," he said. "The Scorpion Gang might come here. Report anything suspicious."

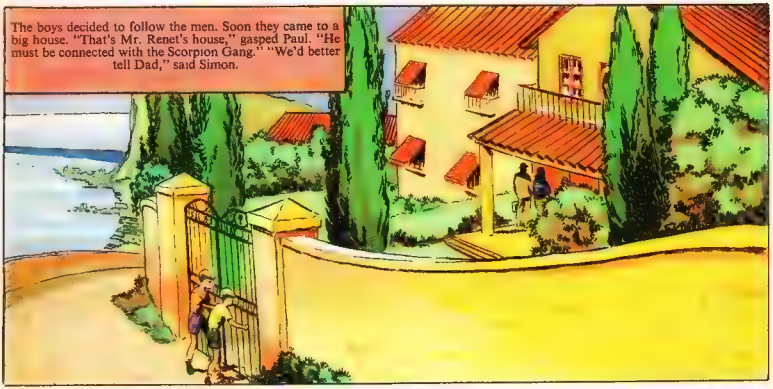
Inspector Gray's two sons, Paul, aged eleven, and Simon who was eight, were walking along a road overlooking the sea. "I wish Dad would buy us some proper fishing rods," said Paul.

Paul and Simon did not know it, but they were walking behind the two crooks who had stolen the gems. "That man has dropped something," said Simon suddenly. "Let's see what it is," suggested Paul.

Paul picked the object up. "Gosh, it's a scorpion!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said Simon. "Just like the one in the picture Dad got from London."



The boys decided to follow the men. Soon they came to a big house. "That's Mr. Renet's house," gasped Paul. "He must be connected with the Scorpion Gang." "We'd better tell Dad," said Simon.



As the two boys ran back to the police station, Gregg handed the Canderra Emeralds to Mr. Renet. "You have done well, men," Renet said.

Mr. Renet walked down to the basement. In specially designed showcases were displayed many priceless jewels.

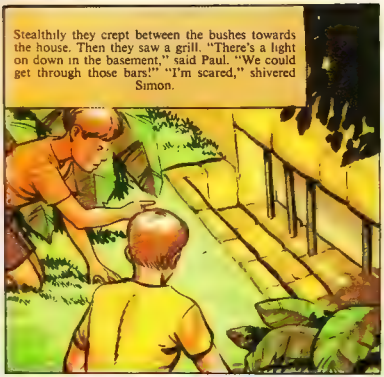
"Another valuable piece for my collection," beamed Renet. "Soon I shall have most of the best gems in the world!" " Yes," agreed Gregg. "And this scorpion ruse has got the police guessing."

Meanwhile, Paul and Simon were with Inspector Gray. "But Mr. Renet is one of the most respected men in Gibraltar," said their father, laughing. "He's got lots of money. Why would he want to steal the jewels?"

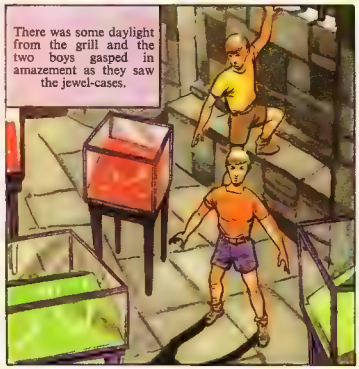
The boys protested, but the Inspector held up his hand. "There's no real proof that he's in with the gang," he said. "I can do nothing."

"Let's go up to Mr. Renet's house and have a look round," suggested Paul, as they walked down the police-station steps.

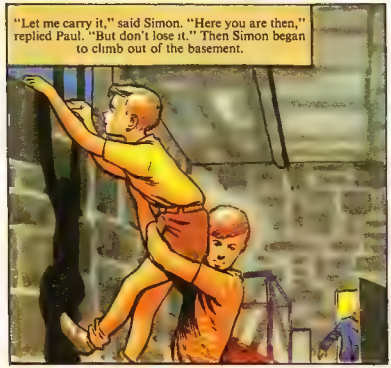
The two boys hurried up the steep road to Mr. Renet's house. They found a hole in the wall.

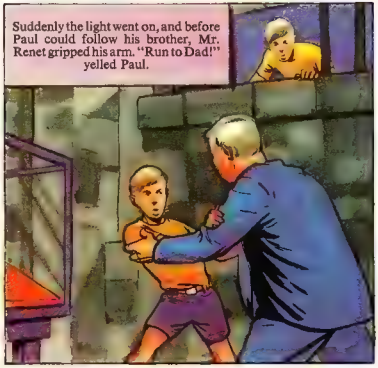

Stealthily they crept between the bushes towards the house. Then they saw a grill. "There's a light on down in the basement," said Paul. "We could get through those bars!" "I'm scared," shivered Simon.

Just then the light went out. "Come on," smiled Paul, and he squeezed between the bars of the grill.


There was some daylight from the grill and the two boys gasped in amazement as they saw the jewel-cases.

"Dad will believe us if we take some of these jewels to him," said Paul, removing his shoe.

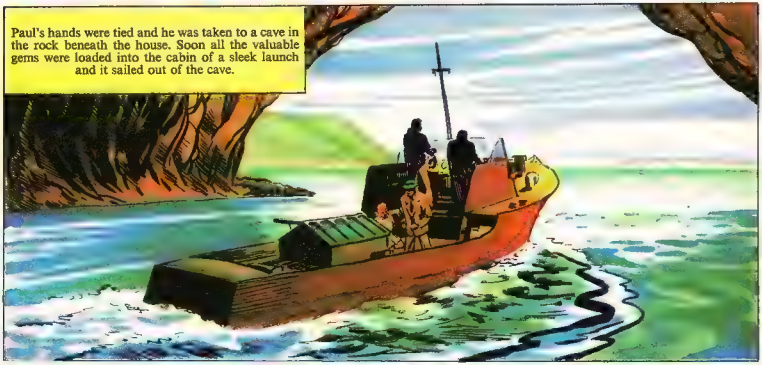

"Let me carry it," said Simon. "Here you are then," replied Paul. "But don't lose it." Then Simon began to climb out of the basement.


Suddenly the light went on, and before Paul could follow his brother, Mr. Renet gripped his arm. "Run to Dad!" yelled Paul.

Attracted by Paul's shout, Gregg and Slim ran down to the basement. "One of them has got away," Renet told them. "We'll never catch him . . . and he's got one of the gems."

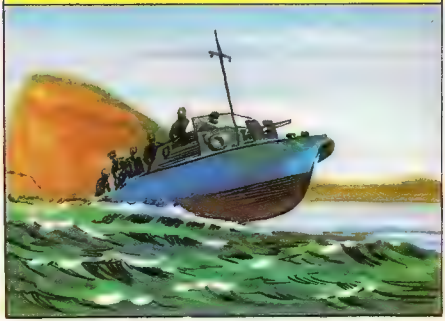
"We'll have to leave," decided the master-crook. "Get the launch ready. We'll go to Africa. The police can't touch us there."

Paul's hands were tied and he was taken to a cave in the rock beneath the house. Soon all the valuable gems were loaded into the cabin of a sleek launch and it sailed out of the cave.



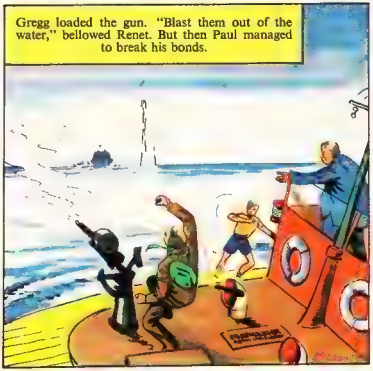
At that moment, Simon arrived at the police-station. "Dad," he cried. "Mr. Renet caught Paul. We found these jewels and lots more in his house. I heard them say they were going to Africa."

Inspector Gray recognised the Canderra Emeralds and immediately he ordered a police gunboat to stand by. Fifteen minutes later, the boat was speeding across the Mediterranean.



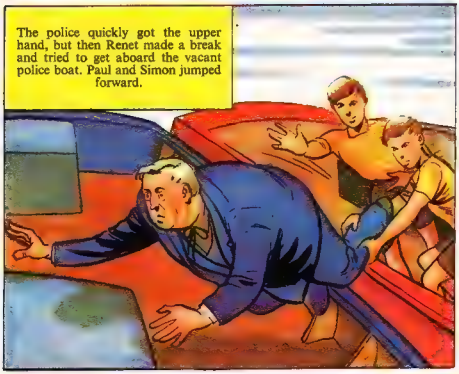
Then they saw the Scorpion's launch. "Get after that vessel," shouted Inspector Gray . . . and the chase was on!

Renet saw the police boat. "Get the gun on deck," he told Gregg, and soon the capstan in the bows of the launch was swivelled round and a gun appeared.

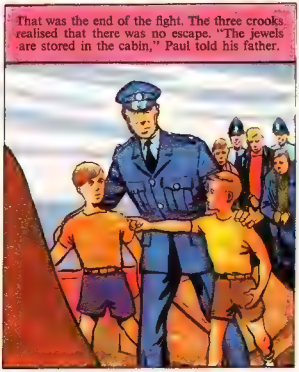

Gregg loaded the gun. "Blast them out of the water," bellowed Renet. But then Paul managed to break his bonds.

Before the gun could be re-loaded, the swift police boat was alongside the launch.

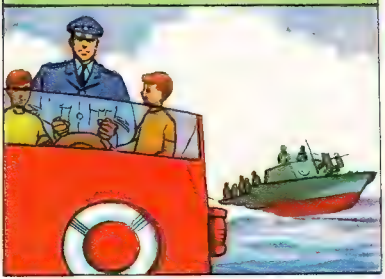
The police quickly got the upper hand, but then Renet made a break and tried to get aboard the vacant police boat. Paul and Simon jumped forward.



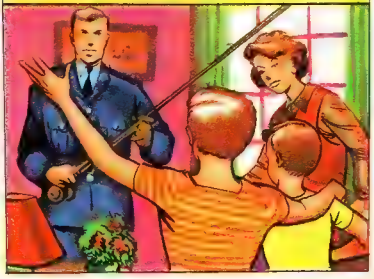
That was the end of the fight. The three crooks realised that there was no escape. "The jewels are stored in the cabin," Paul told his father.



Happily, Inspector Gray and the boys sailed the lovely launch back to Gibraltar while the crooks were taken back in the police boat. "Well done, boys," beamed the Inspector. "You have helped us to catch the Scorpion Gang!"



Paul and Simon received a pleasant surprise later that day. When Inspector Gray came home from work, he gave them two lovely fishing-rods. "That's your reward, boys," smiled the Inspector. "Gosh!" cried both boys together. "Thank you very much Dad!"



INDIAN SIGNS — What are those Indian Signs?

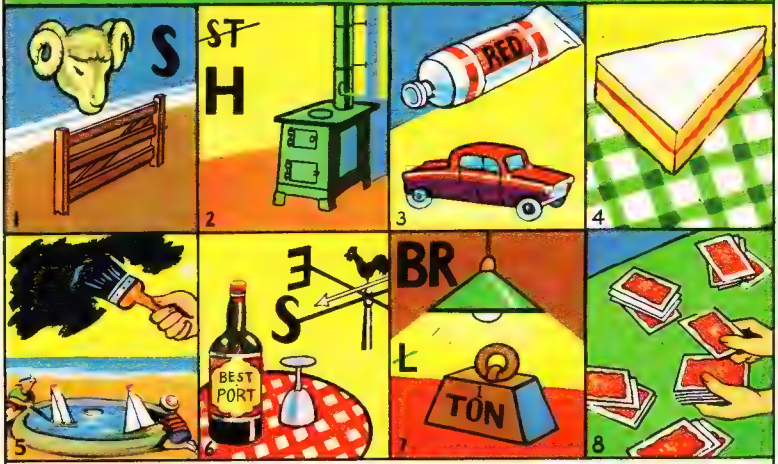
Answers on page 93

Nature Quiz

CAN you name the flowers and leaves for each month of the year? See the answers on page 93.

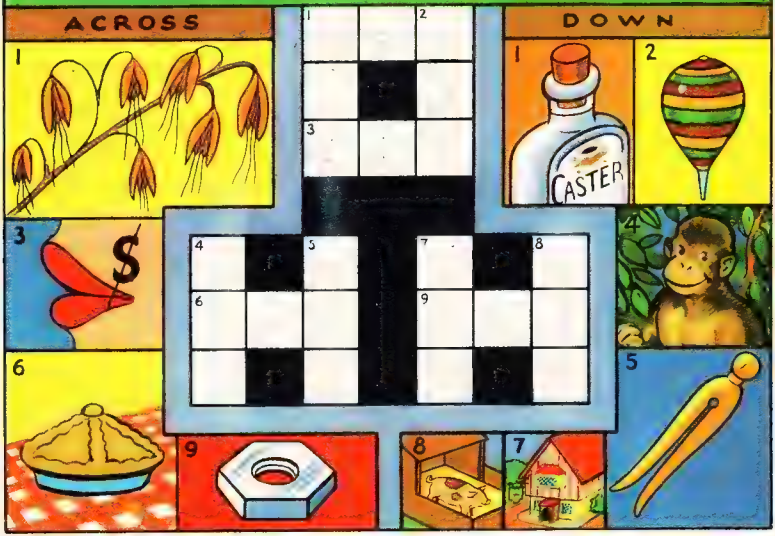
Answers on page 93

CAN YOU NAME THESE SEASIDE TOWNS?



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

★ PICTURE CROSSWORD ★



Answers on page 93

SNAKE PUZZLE

FIT THE NAMES OF THE ANIMALS TOGETHER BY USING THE LAST LETTER OF EACH WORD AS THE FIRST LETTER OF THE NEXT ONE

PHANTOM ANIMAL

JOIN THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 63 AND AN ANIMAL WILL APPEAR

Answers on page 93

THEY HAVE THE SAME NAME CAN YOU MATCH THEM?

★ ONE NAME OF EACH OBJECT IS JUMBLED ★

BUBL

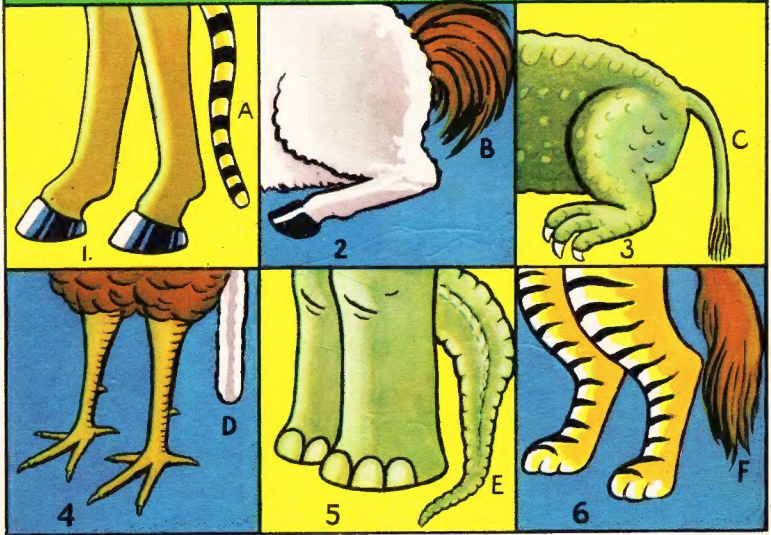
ENALP

FOWLER

TAB

UARDG

CAN YOU PUT THE RIGHT TAIL ON EACH ANIMAL ?



Answers on page 93

* ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

INDIAN SIGNS p. 87

1 GO AWAY
2 HORSE AND RIDER
3 BUFFALO
4 MAN
5 ME . . MY
6 TIPI
7 YES
8 NIGHT

SEASIDE TOWNS p. 90

1 RAMSGATE
2 HOVE
3 REDCAR
4 SANDWICH
5 BLACKPOOL
6 SOUTHPORT
7 BRIGHTON
8 DEAL

THE NAME'S THE SAME p. 92

BLUE
PLANE
FLOWER
BAT
GUARD

ANIMALS TAILS p. 92

1 F
2 D
3 E
4 B
5 C
6 A

PICTURE CROSSWORD p. 90

ACROSS 1 OAT
3 LIP
6 PIE
9 NUT

DOWN 1 OIL
2 TOP
4 APE
5 PEG
7 INN
8 STY

SNAKE PUZZLE p. 91

KANGAROOSTRICHORSELEPHANTOUCANSQUIRRELAMBEAR

PHANTOM ANIMAL p. 91

THE ANIMAL IS AN ELEPHANT

NATURE QUIZ pp. 88-89

Months

JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Flowers

SNOWDROPS
FURZE
VIOLET
PRIMROSE
DAISY
FORGET-ME-NOT
POPPY
CORNFLOWER
HEATHER
PIMPERNEL
SPINDLE-BERRIES
HOLLY-BERRIES

Leaves

IVY
LIME
WYCH ELM
PLANE
LILAC
ELDER
SYCAMORE
OAK
HORSE CHESTNUT
BEECH (COPPER)
CHESTNUT
HOLLY

I Saw Three Ships

1. *I saw three ships come sailing in,*
   On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
   I saw three ships come sailing in,
   On Christmas Day in the morning.
2. *And what was in those ships all three?*
   On Christmas Day, *etc.*
3. *Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,*
4. *Pray, whither sailed those ships all three?*
5. *O, they sailed into Bethlehem,*
6. *And all the bells on earth shall ring,*
7. *And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,*
8. *Then let us all rejoice again!*

FOUR
FEATHER
FALLS